The Centre Reporter.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Prop'r.

And now we live and flourish under a Democratic administration again. *Te Deum Ladaumus.*

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With this issue of the Reporter, March 4, the national administration goes into the hands of the Democrats.

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Gen. Beaver is already thus early bidding for the German vote—he actually made three barrels of sourkraut last fall.

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A subscriber says he sees the word Soudan spelled in different ways and wants to know which is right. Spell it just as you please and you will be as near right as any one else.

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The Republican post-master at Philipsburg is petitioning to be re-appointed. He did his level best to defeat Cleveland and Curtin. Verily, here is brass enough to make a large cannon.

The atmosphere has a healthy Democratic fragrance now—a Democratic President, a Democratic Governor in Pennsylvania, a large majority of states Democratic and a Democratic national House with the Senate a tie.

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Since there is no longer any figuring and guessing on Cleveland's cabinet, our readers can now figure and guess how the new grand-jury will be on the new court-house. The list is printed in the Reporter—just now we figure sixteen against it.

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A company has been formed in Huntingdon to dig for gold, platinum, osmium, irridium, cobalt, copper and other valuable metals, recently discovered near that place, says an exchange. Why not include molasses, jelley, apple-sass, bologna sausage, saurkrout, etc., all of which are found in Huntingdon county.

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The Bellefonte papers are quarrelling over their circulations. The *Watchman* started out by proclaiming it had a larger circulation than any two papers in the county. Now we can settle this by very simple arithmetic: The *Democrat* has 1900 and the *Republican* 2000—accordingly the *Watchman's* can't be under 3901. Every body reads the Reporter.

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A fine trick was played on the Mercer county farmers with a new kind of oats. Ohio parties sold the seed oats to farmers in small quantities at a high price, agreeing to take the yield at $10 per bu. Well they came and got the oats and paid for them at that large price, and then sold the yield to other farmers at $12 per bushel making the same agreement taking the farmers' notes for the oats and sold them. They sold the notes to curbstone brokers and the farmers are out of pocket largely. When will farmers learn to treat all such sharpers as rascals and scoundrels?

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The ordinary member of the legislature is nothing if not greedy. Brown, of Erie, introduced a bill fixing the salary of Senators and Representatives at $1,500 a year, and providing that the amount to be paid at extra and special sessions shall not exceed $5. Brown's bill was reported with an amendment wiping out the $5 feature and leaving the pay at $10 a day for an indefinite period. The bill of Representative Horne, of Cambria, fixing the pay of members at $1,200 a year and putting the Legislative employes on a yearly salary was negatived.

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RECOVERY OF FORFEITED LANDS.

The Texas Pacific forfeited land bill has had a hard fight, opposed by the greed of the parties who have been enjoying such large slices of the public domain. But it has now passed beyond the reach of the lobby, and a part of the land virtually stolen from the people will be restored to its rightful owners.

The House assented to the Senate amendment to the bill, and it now goes to the President, who no doubt will give his signature. Its enactment restores to the public domain 15,000,000 acres of land, valued at $40,000,000.

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THE POPE ON LABOR QUESTIONS.

A few days ago the Pope replying to an address of operatives, traced the evils afflicting the working classes to their abandonment of the principles of religion and to their submitting themselves to the influence of agitators who received them with vain promises and flattered them by magnifying their rights and never attending to their duties. Nothing good could arise from exciting workman's hate of proprietor and the rich. The remedy for the evil of the workers' lot was to be found in associations and co-operation, and the rendering of mutual assistance in case of sickness and old age. Catholics ought to unite and work in concert in preparing the church and society for a better future. The Pope's speech made a marked impression on his auditors.

A BILL THAT OUGHT TO BE DEFEATED.

We agree with the Morning *Patriot* when it says there is no bill pending in the legislature that is more deserving of careful consideration than that which aims to establish industrial schools. This measure seems to contemplate the conversion of the present soldiers' orphans' schools into a system for the industrial education of indigent children of the commonwealth. There is an alluring idea involved in a proposition of this kind, but unfortunately it is susceptible of such abuses under the plan proposed that caution invites suspicion, and the safe way to treat it seems to be to defeat it. The soldiers' orphans' schools have already been continued under one pretext and another until they have become of doubtful utility, and aside from other objections this would be sufficient to cast an imputation of jobbery on any proposition that inclined to continue them. But there are other objections to this bill that are sufficiently forcible to enlist opposition enough to defeat it.

The bill proposes to establish industrial schools of sufficient capacity to accommodate all the indigent children under a certain age that are now maintained in the almshouses and other charitable institutions. To give force to this theory it would be necessary to supply the orphans' schools already in existence with implements and machinery to give them employment. The simple maintenance of children and instructing them in elementary education, as the schools now assume to do would not meet the industrial features of the scheme. It would not do either to supply them with implements and machinery suitable for one trade or industry. If that course were pursued the result would be an oversupply of artisans in that branch of business. To teach all the various trades would involve the necessity of supplying all kinds of tools and that would entail an expense beyond the region of even conjecture.

No senator can contemplate the possibilities of this abuse intelligently and support the bill. But when the other objections are added the opposition must be stronger. Even if in a spirit of recklessness the legislature should close its eyes to the expense there would be another serious trouble in the future as a consequence of it. The industrial schools would have to find a market for the products of the labor of those enjoying the bounty they afforded. These subsidized establishments would be able to drive out of market the product of the labor of less favored establishments. That is to say the objections are now urged against convict labor would be continued in these institutions. Two hundred boys between the ages of twelve and sixteen years would soon become proficient in the manufacture of toys or any other articles of light manufacture. With the bonus which the manager of a school would have, with this number of unpaid workingmen in his employ, no individual manufacturer in the same line could compete and the army of unemployed mechanics would be multiplied in consequence.

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There is great anxiety among the people of Lock Haven and Renovo and along the river over the threatening condition of the Susquehanna. There is indeed danger, and many people are preparing for it. Near Renovo the ice in the river ranges from 20 feet to 30 inches in thickness, and excepting in a few narrow channels, the stream is frozen solid to the bottom. Glen Union and Queen's Run is between Renovo and Lock Haven, and between these points there is a monstrous ice jam, fifteen miles long, and from 15 to 25 feet in thickness, extending from shore to shore. At Renovo the inhabitants entertain great fears, and are preparing to move their household goods on short notice. Lock Haven people are doing the same. The frequent thaws and freezes of the early winter have caused this vast bulk of ice to become one solid body, having all the appearances of a glacier. The snow in the mountains is three feet deep, and should the contemplated thaw come suddenly, the break up must result in the most diastrous flood ever experienced in this part of the state.

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In response to an inquiry as to what are the boundaries of the great grazing country of the West, and what are its possibilities, the Denver *Live Stock Record* says: "The plains country—that susceptible of growing cattle—embraces a district of 3,000 miles in length from north to south, and 1,500 miles wide from east to west, and has a grazing capacity sufficient to maintain 20,000,000 of horned cattle and twice as many more of horses and sheep. To be more explicit, we will say the country where cattle grow and thrive on the open plain at all seasons of the year commences at the Gulf of Mexico in the south and extends far into the Brittish possessions in the north; commences on the westermost border of Kansas in the east and extends to the Sierra Nevada mountains in the west. We will furthermore say Colorada, susceptible herself of holding 3,000,000 of cattle, is in the geographical centre of this vast grazing field."

CENTRE COUNTY IRON ORES.

A Bellefonte correspondent of the Philadelphia *Times* writes to that journal concerning the ores of the county and the project now in process of completion of getting the same to a market, says: The Pennsylvania railroad has about completed and expects to operate by May 1st their branch connecting the Bald Eagle Valley road at this place with the Lewisburg and Tyrone railroad at Oak Hall, traversing the upper or western end of "Big Nittany Valley" some 12 miles, through the pipe ore regions of Messrs. Valentine and others, and from a branch, at a point a short distance above Valentine & Co's old "Logan furnace," they intend to connect a line of railroad sevesal miles in length, which will embrace the large and valuable ore beds of eastern Nittany valley, now extensively operated by Messrs. Valentine & Co., Bellefonte ore company and others, for sale to the trade. Large shipments are made from this region to Pittsburg, Elmira and other points, yet could be increased a hundred fold with slight prospects of exhausting it in a lifetime. A projected consolidation of the Bellefonte and Buffalo Run railroad and the Nittany Valley and Southern will give us another eastern outlet in competition with that of the Pennsylvania railroad, as well as a like healthy division of the carrying of ores, coal and coke embraced in a radius of twelve to eighteen miles, of which we represent at this point the common centre. Limestone of the finest quality for fluxing is here in such abundance to be had for the quarrying of it, although large quantities are annually shipped to Johnstown, Pittsburg and other places for that and other purposes.

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Death has intervened in the Senatorial conflict in Illinois. Judge Logan, a Republican member of the House, dropped dead in the State Capitol, on 26 ult., of heart disease. This breaks the quorum in the Legislature, and gives the Democrats one majority on joint ballot, at least until the vacancy is filled. The Legislature in joint convention will now stand 102 Democrats and 101 Republicans. At the ballot, on 25, Morrison had 98 votes, four Democrats declining to vote for him: If he can secure his full party vote, which seems doubtful, it is said he is sure of one Republican free trader. This would elect him, leaving out of consideration the effect the death of the representative would have on the count. Early in the session one of the Democratic members was stricken with paralysis, but he appears to have sufficiently recovered to appear in his seat and vote. The Republicans then refused a pair with the man who was supposed to be dying, and it is probable the Democrats will now take every legitimate advantage possible to them of the loss the Republicans have suffered in the death of Judge Logan. As it stands it is certainly one of the most remarkable Senatorial contests that has ever taken place in the Union.

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The New Orleans exposition does not seem in a prosperous way, and a crash is feared. A correspondent says the official returns of the gate receipts at the Exposition during the past week have just been published and are causing considerable comment. On 17 ultimo it was published that 125,000 people were in attendance Monday, whereas the gate receipts show only $10,482. There were over 40,000 paying admissions on 16th, without any doubt. It is reported that there was over seven thousand dollars taken in at the gate, and there were five gates in operation. Some of the officials claim there is a mistake in the returns, while others boldly assert that there has been a clean steal. Many of the exhibitors and many of the State Commissioners say they expect the final crash to come in a few days. It is all nonsense to talk of holding the Exposition over another season, as not one exhibitor in ten will remain a day longer than he is compelled to.

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GEN. GRANT VERY SICK.

New York, March 1.—General Grant rose from his bed yesterday about 4 p. m. He had strength enough to sit up for a few hours in the evening, and joined in a game of cards with several members of his family for a short time. The peculiarity of the disease that is making such inroads upon his physical system renders him liable to attacks of sudden faintness that immediately prostrate him, and from which he does not entirely recover for several days. Relapses of this character have been the features of the general's illness during the past week, and they have given rise to rumors that are to some extent exaggerated.

At midnight the General's condition was unchanged. He was up during the day as usual, but his physicians and friends have given up all hope of his recovery. His doctors say he is gradually sinking. There were many callers at his house to-day.

The cause of the General's ill health is cancer of the throat.

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Lewisburg, Feb. 24.—About fifty Omish people left here to-day for Lyons, Kansas, where they will settle permanently.

SEEKING TO RETAIN OFFICE.

Federal Office-Holders Who Want to Stand Well After March 4.

Washington, Febr'y 23.—Members of Congress are being besieged by the Federal office-holders of their own contiguous dristricts for endorsements to strengthen them in their positions under the new administration. Democratic members who have heretofore been comparatively free from this sort of Federal interference are now in great demand. The amount of nerve displayed by some of these fellows is astonishing. The other day an Ohio Postmaster wrote very earnestly to his Democratic Representative, asking that he be allowed to rest his claims to the office upon a vote of the people served, irrespective of party. The member went to one of his constituents here and asked: "This man is a Republican, isn't he?" "Yes." "And voted against me?" "Yes." "And used his money against me." "Yes." "And used his office againt me, didn't he?" "Yes." "Got his office on a vote exclusively of Republicans?" "Yes." "And never gave a Democrat a chance?" "Never." After obtaining other information of this kind he sat down and wrote the Postmaster as follows:

Dear Sir:—Your letter of Feb. 18, respecting —— Post-office, received. For 24 years past this office has been held by Republicans. For four years to come it will be held by a Democrat. I shall recommend for the place a Democrat and within thirty days will consult the Democrats only of your vicinity as to whom they prefer. That is the kind of a civil service reformer I am.

The above is another case in point to similar ones referred to in our own county where life-long Republicans are wanting Curtin to keep them in office altho' they did all in their power to defeat Curtin and the Democratic party. But there are professed Democrots who make it a practice to hob nob with and help these Republicans and would set aside honest and deserving Democrats. Yet these kind of Democrats often ask nominations for themselves and are great sticklers for party when *they* want an office and seek the help of an organization they are breaking down by their efforts to have Republicans put in places which of right belong to members of the Democratic party.

We would advise the honest and working masses of the Democratic party to keep an eye on this queer sort of Democratic kittens.

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A PROTEST.

At a meeting of the Progress Grange held at Centre Hall, Feb. 28, '85, the following preamble and resolution were adopted:

Whereas, there is a bill now pending before the State Legislature to appropriate $8000 a year to the State College under pretense of an experimental station; and *whereas* the State College has already been magnificently endowed and received large appropriations from the state amply to make it a first class technical school in agriculture and mechanical arts, as contemplated by its original founders and incorporators, and had the revision of its management submitted by the Governor of the Commonwealth and Superintendent of Public Instruction been adopted at the meeting of the Trustees in Bellefonte last April, the experimental farms and college would now be in full equipment and doing the work of an experimental station without further appropriations from the State at a time when its treasury is depleted; at the same time it was provided with sufficient funds to do the full work of a technical school in agricultural and mechanic arts; therefore be it

Resolved, That we enter our protest as members of the Progress Grange and citizens of Centre county against the contemplated appropriation of $8000 a year to said institution as provided in a pending bill before the State Legislature.

Jas. B. Neff, Master. Carrie E. Osman, Secretary.

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THE CABINET COMPLETED.

Albany, March 1.—It may be said to-night that the cabinet is complete. Judge Endicott has accepted the War portfolio, and the Naval portfolio has been formally tendered to Mr. Whitney, who will most probably accept. The list as completed stands:

Bayard, Secretary of State.
Manning, Secretary of Treasury.
Lamar, Secretary of the Interior.
Garland, Attorney General.
Endicott, Secretary of War.
Vilas, Postmaster General.
Whitney, Secretary of the Navy.

Mr. Cleveland has completed his inaugural, and he is now pruning it and giving to it its finishing touches. He has handled the tariff and silver question without gloves. It is known that he is opposed to the abolition of the whisky and tobacco tax, and he will express his views at length upon that point. He will proclaim himself a revenue reformer in the construction which he will place upon the tariff, and will urge upon Congress the necessity of prompt and effective action. The silver men will receive another scoring at his hands, and if Congress is disposed to make an issue with him it will find that he is quite as obstinate at Washington as he has been at Albany. Mr. Cleveland's Newark speech may be accepted as the basis of his utterances upon the tariff.

Mr. Cleveland will leave here Tuesday morning for Washington. He has declined all offers of special trains or special cars, and will go quietly with his secretary and a few members of his family. He desires to go as quietly as possible and with no display whatever. It is on this account that he prefers not to be accompanied by newspaper correspondents.

CATHOLICS BRUTALLY SLAIN.

Paris Feb. 26.—The Catholic missionary organ states that several hundred Catholics residents in Yun-Nan, have been massacred in obedience to secret orders from the Chinese Viceroy.

AN AWFUL GALLOWS SCENE.

Three Unsuccessful Attempts to Hang An English Murderer.

London, Feb. 23.—One of the most singular incidence ever connected with an execution or an attempted execution of a murderer happened to day at Exeter on the occasion of carrying out the death sentence passed upon John Lee, recently condemned to be hanged for the murder of Miss Emma A. W. Keyse, at Rabbacambe, near Torquoy, on Nov. 15 last. Three attempts were made to execute Lee, but each attempt was futile, the drop failing to work successfully. At first Lee pas perfectly firm and went to the gallows undaunted. When the first attempt to hang him failed, the prisoners' spirit remained unbroken. He was led from under the gallows and walked back to his cell with a firm step. When first placed upon the trap he resigned himself completely but firmly into the hands of his executioner. He stood motionless during the preliminary ceremonies and when the noose was placed and the spring about to be touched he made an apparent effort to adjust his body to the expected drop, so death might be quick as possible. When the click of the spring sounded he drew breath, as if he felt he was taking the last.

When the murderer was made to realize that the gibbet had not done its work, and he was not yet hanged, he appeared to start as if from a nightmare, but quickly recovered himself. The machinery was then overhauled and the woodwork found wet and swollen, so that the trap refused to work. After being oiled and tried until it was thought to be all right, the prisoner was again brought forth. The same scene as before was then enacted, and once again was the wretched man led away and the trap a second time examined and oiled, and for a second time pronounced all right. For the third time the prisoner took his stand upon the trap and the third time did the gibbet refuse to do its work. The strain and suspense now overtaxed Lee. He sank down in a swoon and had to be carried away from the place. No words can give an adequate idea of the painfulness of the scene. A kind of overpowering dismay like that of superstition seemed to have got control of the Sheriff's officers. The gallows was deserted and no one made any more attempts to put it in working order. The man who was to have been hanged was limp, motionless and in a most pitiable condition, lying in his prison cell dazed and stupefied and physically exhausted. The sheriff decided to abandon his task and the execution was consequently postponed. It will be remembered that Lee, who was an ex convict, obtained employment from Miss Keyes as valet by means of forged letters of recommendation. Lee wished to marry Miss Keys, who was an elderly lady of wealth. She refused to wed him, whereupon Lee assaulted her. He then murdered her and set fire to the house to cover up his crime. The flames were soon extinguished by the neighbors, and the murderer was shortly afterward captured while hiding in the vicinity.

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ARAB TRIBES FIGHTING AMONG THEMSELVES.

Suakim, Feb. 25.—The latest news from Agig and Tamai confirms the report of the brilliant victory won by the Mudir of Taka and the Shukria tribe of friendly Arabs against the Hadenowah tribe of hostiles during an attack made by the latter upon some friendly tribes for supplying the garrison at Kassola with grain. It is now stated that during the battle no less than 3,600 of the Hadendowah Arabs were killed, and that among the slain was Sheikh Moosa.

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The southern steamers are bringing into New York ripe strawberries from Florida, and other states. They bring about 30 crates at a time, each crate holding twelve quarts. The berries sell from $1 to $3 a quart.

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A LUNATIC ASSYLUM ON CAPITOL HILL.

[Lancaster Intelligencer.]

In the House at Harrisburg a bill was favoraobly reported appropriating $158,248 to the Dixmont Lunatic Hospital in Allegheny county. The General Assembly then resolved to adjourn from Feb. 27 to March 9, in order to give the members a chance to go to Washington over the inauguration week. On second thought we conclude that all the money in the State had better be appropriated to the maintenance and erection of lunatic hospitals. The Capitol might be locked up and walled in and used for this purpose, if ever again the present Legislature is assembled within its halls.

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THE CAPITAL CROWDED.

Preparing for the Inauguration.

Washington, March 1.—The approach of the inauguration of the new President is more apparent to-night in the immense crowd which throngs the hotels and general holiday aspect of the city. There never was an occasion when the official induction into the office of a President was so marked by elaborate preparation as is the case in Washington now. The principal streets are already decorated with bunting, flags and original designs. Pennsylvania avenue presents a holiday appearance. Nearly every house on both sides of the streeet for a mile is hung with flags and banners, festooned and garlanded from basement to roof. On both sides of the great avenue thousands of seats rise one above the other, to be sold from $1 to $1½ apiece These seats literally cover every government reservation from the Treasury to the Capitol. Some of these stands are provided with roofs against a day of possible rain or snow. Considering the probabilities of the day as nine to one in favor of bad weather, the general sale of such seats in advance is something marvelous. In addition to these temporary stands for public use are a great abundance of private stands erected by store keepers and others who have eligible sites on the avenue. Hundreds of them rise on every hand as far as the eye can reach. They are gaily decorated with the national colors, here and there a profusion of foreign flags relieving, or rather intensifying, the red, white and blue.

THE NEW CABINET.

The personnel of the Cleveland cabinet has been determined upon definitely enough to admit of its being announced with a degree of certainty. It will consist of Bayard, in the state department; Manning, in the treasury; Lamar, for the interior; Garland, attorney general; Endicott, secretary of the navy; Whitney, secretary of war; and Vilas, postmaster general.

This is excellent material, and will afford a combination of experience and ability that will greatly assist in making the administration successful. It surpasses in quality any cabinet that has been connected with the government since Lincoln's administration.

Bayard, Garland and Lamar have national reputations gained by eminent public service. Endicott, who it is now almost certain will take charge of the war department, is a scholarly and cultivated gentlemen representing the democracy of New England. Mr. Whitney, although not as yet prominent in public life, has an abundance of well cultivated brain. Mr. Villas is a brilliant representative of the young democracy of the west.

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THE INAUGURAL CROWD.

THE NATIONAL CAPITAL RAPIDLY FILLING UP WITH VISITORS.

The Preparations for the Ceremonies About Completed—Celebrated Clubs Arriving.

Washington, March 2.—The city is already filling up with inauguration visitors, and the principal streets, the public buildings and other places of interest to sight-seers have been thronged with them all day. Large crowds fill the lobbies of the hotels, and the capitol building has been overrun by strangers.

The committees which have in charge the several features of the inauguration ceremonies have nearly completed their preliminary work and the street decorations are in an advanced stage of preparation. Pennsylvania avenue from the capitol to the White House is in a blaze of light and color, the committee on illumination having substituted clusters of variously colored globes for the ordinary street lamps, and the citizens having lent their aid in brightening the scene by decorating their houses and stores and stands for spectators, which have been erected at every point of vantage.

Along the route, among the organizations which have already arrived in the city, are the Kansas City democrat club, the Rochambeau Grenadies, of New York; Flambeau club, of Topeka, Kas.; Young Men's democrat club, of Philadelphia; Busch Zouaves, of St. Louis and the Tammany society, of New York.

This last named society arrived here this evening, about 970 strong, accompanied by the Seventh regiment band, of New York, and marched up Pennsylvania avenue escorted by the Jackson Democratic Association and accompanied by a large crowd of persons amid a display of fireworks. The organization marched to Wiliard's hotel and serenaded Mr. Hendricks, who came to his window and bowed his acknowledgment.

The Rochambeau grenadiers were escorted up Pennsylvania avenue to their quarters by the light infantry of the city. A portion of the Pennsylvania state militia has arrived and the entire body of 7,500 strong is expected to reach the city some time during to-night.

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SANDWICH ADVERTISING.

One ingenious and, for a time, attractive and successful device, was to marshal a regiment of board-men bearing on back and breast, in huge capitals, the consecutive letters of the title of some sensational drama. The chief difficulty was not only to place them in proper order, so that the public behind them, or before them, should read letter by letter, the proper words of the advertisement, but so to regulate the march that each man should maintain his position in single file in spite of the streets. This was so difficult that the experiment has been almost abandoned. When a number of men-having had their mid-day rest, and eaten their bread and dripping, by the wall leading down to the Church of St. Martin's-in-the-field at the Charing Cross end of the Strand—prepare for the afternoon's march, and instead of exhibiting the consecutive letters which make the words, "The Duke's Motto, Adelphi," show to the astonished gaze of the populace a legend running, "The Duke's Mild He Potato," the difficulties and risks of that mode of announcement are obvious. And when, in an attempt to shuffle into their right places, the letters burst forth with the declaration. "The Duke Smiled a Hot Pot," it was not easy to restrain popular interference. But probably all previous successes of the combined effects of "sandwiches" and dramatic properties, have been surpassed by the quite recent spectacle of a procession of the conventional board-men, each with the impenetrable and depressed expression peculiar to the tribe, and each carrying a baby—that is to say, a doll of more than natural infantile beauty and proportions—becomingly attired. The effect of an interminable succession of infants, born by such incongruous nurses, was irresistible. Even the grim features of the men themselves occasionally relaxed—moved by the laughter of the spectators.

HEREAFTER.

When we are dead, when you and I are dead;
Have rent and tossed aside each earthly fetter,
And wiped the grave-dust from our wondering eyes,
And stand together, fronting the sunrise,
I think that we shall know each other better.

Puzzle and pain will lie behind us then;
All will be known and all will be forgiven;
We shall be glad of every hardness past;
And not one earthly shadow shall be cast
To dim the brightness of the bright new Heaven.

And I shall know, and you as well as I,
What was the hindering thing our whole lives through,
Which kept me always shy, constrained, distressed;
Why I, to whom you were the first and best,
Could never, never be my best with you.

Why, loving you as dearly as I did,
And prizing you above all earthly good,
I yet was cold and dull when you were by,
And faltered in my speech or shunned your eye,
Unable quite to say the thing I would.

Could never front you with the happy ease
Of those whose perfect trust has cast out fear,
Or take, content, from Love his daily dole,
But longed to grasp and be and have the whole,
As blind men long to see, the deaf to hear.

My dear Love, when I forward look, and think
Of all these baffling barriers swept away,
Against which I have beat so long and strained,
Of all the puzzles of the past explained,
I almost wish that we could die to-day.

THE FARMER'S HAYMAKER.

"Lettie! Lettie!

Farmer White paused in the door of the old brown farm-house and looked back. At the outer gate stood the green spring wagon, waiting to carry him over to the village of Derby, some five miles away.

It was harvest time, the busiest season of the year for the farmer, and from the great, green, sloping meadows came the sound of whetting scythes, as the reapers worked away. And here, right in the midst of the hurry and bustle the old farmer himself had to go to the village on business which he could not neglect or postpone. For there was sickness in the family; Miss Rebecca, the old farmer's maiden-sister, who had ruled the house since the death of his wife, and had been a second mother to his daughter, lay quite ill, and medicine must be procured.

Nothing short of sickness or death would have taken Farmer White from his hay field at such a busy time, and he stood on the threshold and looked back ruefully, as he called again:

"Lettie, Lettie! Don't you hear me?"

"Coming, father," cried a clear, sweet voice, and a slim figure flitted from the old-fashioned kitchen out to the porch and paused at her father's side.

Lettie White, tall, slender, graceful, with clear, dark complexion tinted with red on the cheeks and lips, great gray eyes, and luxuriant brown hair. Her dress of dark calico was neat and well-fitting, and the sleeves rolled up to her elbow, displaying white dimpled arms.

"What is it, father?" she asked.

"Well, you know I've got to go for your Aunt Becky's medicine, and I'm awful sorry to have to leave the field right in my busy time; but the Lord's will be done. Becky can't help being sick, and so, if I find a chance to hire another 'hand' out in Derby, I'll send him right on here. If a strange man comes, daughter, you'll know right off that it's the new haymaker, and you'll give him something to eat, and show him the way to the field. Can you attend to everything while I'm gone, Lettie? It's hard on you, little one."

"Oh, yes, father," cried the girl, cheerily. "I've got Martha to help me, and Aunt Becky does'nt require constant care, you know. If the new hand comes during your absence I will see that he goes to work, and I promise that nothing will go wrong."

"Good-bye."

Farmer White stooped and kissed his daughter. In all the old man's hard life the girl, his only child, was the one bright ray of sunshine.

He went down the long walk, bordered with purple lilacs, to the gate. The wagon rattled away, and Lettie returned to the kitchen.

The was a vast amount of work to be done indoors as well as outside. The dinner was "on" the pies were made, and Lettie was just taking the last batch of pastry from the oven, when a voice fell on her ears from outside the the kitchen, framed in by clustering morning-glories."

"Is this Mr. White's place?" it said.

Springing to her feet Lettie deposited the pies on the table to cool, and pushing back her moist hair from her white brow hastened to the door.

A man stood on the kitchen doorstep, tall, well formed and muscular, with a pleasant face, dark eyes and hair, and a dark, heavy mustache, which did not conceal his white teeth.

He had evidently walked far, for his plain gray suit was powdered with dust, and in one hand he carried a small valise.

"Yes," replied Lettie, "this is Mr. White's farm."

"Mr. White directed me here," began the stranger, "and he said—"

"Oh, yes," cried Lettie, hastily, "I know. He told me to expect you—Come in, if you please, and I will give you some lunch, and then I will direct you to the field."

"The—what?" queried the young man, as he followed her into the cheerful kitchen;

"The hay-field, of course," returned Lettie, "and I am glad indeed that papa found a hand so quickly, for he needs a great deal of help and it is hard to find it in haying time."

There was a gleam of mirth in the dark eyes of the young man as he bit his lip hard to repress a smile.

"Ah, indeed?" he responded; "yes, I suppose it is hard to procure help in particularly busy seasons. But what am I expected to do?"

Lettie glanced at the stranger in blank surprise from over the appetizing lunch she was preparing.

Snowy bread and butter, thin slices of cold boiled ham, apple pie, and a pitcher of rich, sweet milk.

"Why, you ought to know," she ejaculated, slowly; "you will cut the hay with the haymakers, of course." Her eyes fell on the young man's slender hands. "You do not look like one accustomed to hard work," she added.

But he made no reply, and Lettie directed him into a side porch, where were fresh water and clean towels; and having bathed his face and hands, he returned to the kitchen and sat down to lunch.

"No," he observed, striving hard to repress his merriment. "I have not done much of such work, but I dare say I shall get broken into it, and shall like it immensely. One cannot always choose his work, you know, Miss——" and he hesitated.

"I am Mr. White's daughter," volunteered Lettie.

He bowed courteously in response to the self-introduction; and, having finished lunch, arose.

"Thanks, very much, Miss White," he observed, "and now, if you will kindly show me the field I will get to work."

He glanced into Lettie's face; it was a perfectly respectable glance, yet there was something quizzical in it.

Lettie blushed furiously, and her eyes dropped. She caught up her sunbonnet and led the way to the field in silence.

Lettie had been educated in a neighboring city, and had visited there every winter, and mingled in good society.

She at once saw that the new "hand" was a gentleman, and accustomed to refined surroundings, and she went to the house with a puzzled feeling.

The first thing that caught her eye in the kitchen was a handkerchief which the stranger had evidently dropped; it was fine cambric, and was marked with the name "Louis Renshawe."

"I wonder who he can b !" soliloquized Lettie.

At the sounding of the dinner bell all of the workmen came into dinner, all but the new hand, and Lettie learned from the men's remarks that he was too fatigued to care for dinner, and many jokes were perpetrated at the expense of his verdancy—a green hand emphatically.

The afternoon wore away, and just as the shadows were growing long, there came the sound of wagon wheels on the dusty road, and Lettie ran out to meet her father. He was accompanied by a tall awkward, sun-burned young man.

"You see, I did get a new 'hand,' Lettie," said her father; "this is Sam Mason, from Millville, and a famous hand to use the scythe."

Lettie could not speak—her heart was full of consternation. Who, then, was the other man?

Just then the long rank of haymakers filed in from the field for supper. Farmer White's eyes wandered down the line, and then with a bound he darted forward and seized the stranger's hand.

"Why, Renshawe," he exclaimed, "when did you come?"

"This morning," replied the young man; "I missed you at the village, and so walked over. Your letter directed me here, you know,"

"And you've been working in my hay-field," gasped the farmer.

The whole truth dawned upon his mind. He turned to his daughter.

"Lettie," he cried, "this gentleman is Mr. Louis Renshawe; I've known him from his boyhood; he is a civil engineer, and has come here to survey the river. He wrote to me asking to board with us, but I declare I've been so busy that I forgot to tell you. He came, and you turned him into the field, it seems."

But Lettie had disappeared; and it was some time before she would enter the presence of the stranger again.

But I suppose it was all for the best after all.

For if Lettie had not made that little mistake perhaps Louis Renshawe would not have thought so much about her. And thinking of her constantly and meeting her daily for weeks brought the inevitable result of love and marriage.

For Lettie married the new 'hand'—Farmer White's haymaker.

In a Hessian Hayfield.

The scene in a Hessian hayfield is picturesque enough. The women gather the hay and throw it up to the men who shape the load on the wagons. In one place I saw three women sawing wood and one man splitting it. One generally supposes that the sawing is the harder task. Yet happier workers the sun never shone on. There is a little group of women, some in scarlet and some in blue, who toss the hay tufts high in the air from very strength and joy. There are some little girls close by who do the lighter work and also wear the same picturesque Hessian costumes. The still lingering costumes tell the story of distinctions among the lowly Teutons and the still strong attachment of the Hessian to the life of his forefathers.

Off in that beautiful hayfield, on this crisp September morning, the women wear the same bright colors as when Tacitus gathered gossip from returned soldiers of the barbarous tribe who have long outlived the empire of the Roman conquerors. The dresses of the women are short, and of the brightest colors known to the dyer's art. Long ribbons hang from either side of their luxuriant hair. The outer garment is a neat and long blouse of bright blue linen. There is no country in all Germany where there has been less change than in Hessia. The men are tall, well-formed, Scotch-like for all the world, and so were their fathers as far back as Charlemagne. The women are Amazonian, and could fight a battle as well as the men.

"PLEASE, mom, does Mrs. McGinty live here?"

"Faith, an' that's me."

"Wol, thin, do yez know a lady be the name of Michael Casey's wife?"

"Her as coom from Dooblin?"

"True for yez."

"Begorra! an' I niver heard of her before or since."

"Och! an' that same is mesilf. But divil a hair do I care anyhow, ony fur ulk's sake."

Miss Peaslee's Neighbor.

"An old bachelor! It's just too bad," cried Miss Jane Peaslee, excitedly. "I never could abide old bachelors, and here one of 'em's gone and moved in right next door! He's got a great horrid dog, too. I'll warrant he'll be the plague of our lives."

"Mebbe not, Jane," mildly expostulated her sister, Mrs. Webb. "Old bachelors ain't apt to be meddlesome, gener'ly."

"Him! I meant the dog," snapped Miss Jane. "Of course he'll be a running over here, tormenting the cat and digging holes in the flower beds next summer fur a cool place to lie in; or a chasing the hens, an' stealing the eggs, when they've made nests in the weeds. But I won't put up with it, an' I shill tell him so plump, the very first chance I git."

"The dog, Jane?"

"The dog! Of course not! I meant the crusty, crabbed old bachelor himself."

"O Jane! You don't think he would steal the eggs and make holes in the flower beds, do you?"

"Fiddlesticks! Ain't you got no sense at all, Melancey? A body might as well talk to a close prop as you. I said the dog would steal the eggs, an' I shouldn't put up with it, an' I should tell the old bachelor so, too. Now do you understand? An so I will! I'll take the broomstick to him, too. See if I dont," she concluded emphatically.

Miss Jane and her sister owned the little cottage in which they lived, which was about all they did own, and managed to eke out a living by doing plain sewing, dressmaking or anything of the kind they could get to do.

"There's the gate open and Sam Pickles' ole bell-cow a-trampin' 'round in the truck patch, of course," and snatching up a sun bonnet she darted out to put a summary stop to the old bell-cow's depredations among her "garden truck."

Meanwhile the old bachelor next door was taking a survey of the situation.

"Two women folks, and one of them an old maid, I'll bet a pocketknife. The other looks like she might be a widow, from allus dressing in black. Thunder! What did I ever move in here for? Paid six months' rent, too! Confound it all, a man ain't safe anywhere hardly these days. Of course they'll both be a-setting their caps to ketch me—but I won't be caught. I'll keep out of their way as much as possible, and even if I meet one of 'em face to face I'll look another way. I see they keep a parcel of old hens, too. If any of 'em come a scratching about here I'll set the dog on 'em, sure. I ain't going to be pestered by old maids or their hens either. I've hired a man servant a purpose to keep out of their clutches, an' I ain't a-going to be took in by the smartest woman that ever lived."

He was by no means the crusty, crabbed old bachelor Miss Jane had declared him to be, but a rather fine-looking man, with pleasant, dark eyes and only a few threads of silver shining in his abundant brown hair.

Moreover, his canine follower was not a "great, horrid" dog, but a very curly and frolicsome Newfoundland puppy.

"There's that dog a worryin' the chickens again," screamed Miss Jane one morning, and snatching up the broom, she hurriedly gave chase.

Finding himself pursued, the puppy at once released the leghorn rooster's tail, which he had been playfully shaking to the great disgust of its owner, and with a bark of delight, seized the edge of Miss Jane's homespun petticoat which showed beneath the rim of her dress, and shook it energetically.

The outraged Miss Peaslee in the meantime beat right and left with her broom, missing the culprit at each lick, however, until thoroughly exhausted, she dropped her weapon on the ground, whereupon Curly immediately seized it and scampered off with all his might.

Over the neat, gravelly walk, over the tidy border of blackberry lilies and Iris versicolor, round and round he whirled, dexterously avoiding the avenging foe, until at last he espied Bonaparte, the big gray cat, leisurely taking his morning walk. Whereupon he at once dropped the broom and gave chase to the cat.

Bonaparte fled up a tree in great terror, and Miss Peaslee seizing the demoralized broom, made a sudden sortie on the dog. Curly, however, discovered this rear attack in the nick of time, scuttled swiftly across the yard and through the fence to his master's domain, where he immediately unearthed a half-gnawed bone from its hiding-place and proceeded to solace himself therewith.

"You had a real nice play with him, didn't you?" said Melancy complacently, looking up as her sister made her appearance.

"Play! The vicious beast chawed the broom to pieces, an' tore my skirts half off o' me, if you call that play," sniffed Miss Jane wrathfully.

* * * * * * *

"Jane! Jane! What on airth is this that dog's been a shakin' and wallopin' round in the dust?" cried Melancey a few days later.

The dog was growling and shaking some dark object fearfully.

After a desperate struggle the sisters succeeded in rescuing all that remained of—a coat, A man's coat, of fine, heavy dark cloth, hopelessly mutilated by the teeth and claws of the frolicsome puppy.

"Dear me, it's plum ruined," cried Melancey. "It must belong to the old bachelor, an' the dog has stole it." And she surveyed it regretfully, holding it up by the tails.

"But—what's that?"

"That" was something that had dropped out of one of the pockets.

Jane seized it quickly. It was a letter.

"Why, Melancey," she cried breathlessly, "it—it's directed to me!"

And Jane opened it and read;

"MY DEAR MISS PEASLEE, I never popped the question before in my life, so I don't know the proper way. But if you are willin' to be my wife, jest say so, an' I'll be the happiest man in Honey Locust Holler.

CALVIN CUBBERLEIGH.

"Jane! Jane, don't faint!" cried Melancey, alarmed as her sister grew first pale and then read.

"I ain't agoin' to faint!" declared Jane, stoutly. "But look, Melancey, this letter is dated five years back, when we lived over to the Hollow. What on airth does it mean?"

"Give it to me," said Melancey, promptly. "I'll soon find out what it means. I'll take the coat home, too, seein' the dog has left it in our hands."

In less than fifteen minutes thereafter the old bachelor, hatless and coatless, ran frantically through the gate, never stopping till he found himself in the presence of Miss Peaslee.

"Jane! Jane!" he cried, with breathless eagerness, "I've come for my answer. "It's five years since I writ that letter, an' thought I'd posted it, when there it was hid in the lining of that coat all the time. But you haven't said yet whether you'd have me or not."

Somehow or other Miss Jane forgot her dislike of men-folks in general, and old bachelors in particular, and said she would.

"We ought to be thankful to that dog," said Melancey, with tears in her eyes, when she heard how it was all settled, and indeed, Master Curly had no reason to complain of his treatment thereafter.

Calling for His Lost Bride.

Squirrel Island is a popular resort in Boothbay harbor, at the mouth of the Kennebec. In summer there is a gay colony on the island, numbering at times 600 or 700 persons. Prominent New Englanders have cottages there. But it is a dismal place in winter, and there is nobody on the island save the man who is left in charge of the property by the cottage owners, and he has a lonesome time of it.

A day or two ago, one of the coldest mornings of the winter, a fisherman sailing out of Boothbay harbor saw a man standing on the rocky shore of this island, shouting at the top of his voice. His cries could be heard above the booming of the surf, which beats against the surf with great fury. The fisherman thought the King of the island, as the man in charge of it is called, must be in distress and was signaling for assistance. He put his smack about and made for the island. When he was within hailing distance he shouted to the man on the rock, but received no reply. He was a handsome young fellow and stood gazing out to sea, paying no attention to the approach of the fisherman's boat, and occasionally uttering a loud cry that sounded full of anguish. This was the young man's call to the ocean: "Josie, Josie." The old fisherman thought the young man was crazy, and, after listening a few minutes, made for the Cuckies, and soon was hauling hake over the side.

The secret of the young man's strange communing with the breakers is now known. He is a graduate of Williams college, and became a journalist in New York. Subsequently he concluded to be a lawyer, and was admitted as a student in the office of one of the leading legal firms in New York city. He has a fortune inherited from an uncle, who died worth $2 000,000. He became engaged to a young lady in a city not far from Bath. She was beautiful, a musician and an artist. He and his affianced spent last summer together at Squirrel Island. In October she was suddenly prostraied, and died after an illness of six days. At 10 o'clock of the day she was married at her earnest request. She said but a few words after the wedding ring was put on her finger, and in two hours the bridegroom was a widower. Since that day the young man has been failing bodily and mentally. He went to New York, but had to return, and spent the most of his time at his wife's grave. At length he chartered a steamer at Bath, took a box of fuel and a supply of provisions, and went to Squirrel Island. It was he whom the fisherman saw standing on the rock, where the spray splashed over him, and crying "Josie, Josie," as though he expected an answering voice to come from the waves.

An Automatic Cook.

A patent issued to a St. Louis man for an automatic fire-lighting machine was made the subject of investigation. This new-fledged genius, a native-born Irish-American citizen, imbued with Yankee ingenuity, has just been granted letters patent for a device that will prove a comfort to solitary old maids, fill a desolate void in the widows' household, and prove a savior to hen-pecked husbands. This great boon for mankind might be taken, at first sight, for an infernal machine, but it isn't. It has clock work that reminds one of a dynamite fiend, but it's not dangerous. When the thing goes off it startles the beholder with a fit and a flash of flame suggestive of instant death; but it will not explode. It will have a depressing effect on the matrimonial market. The women of single blessedness will be more than thrice blessed by it. They need pine no longer for a handy, good-natured husband to light fires for them. The machine will do the work. All you have to do is to wind it up and make it go off any hour you choose, and then set the clock on the hearth. At the desired time a sulphur match is ignited at the end of a hollow brass tube, charged with chlorate of potassium and sugar, that flashes into a burning flame, setting fire to a ball of asbestos saturated with turpentine at the further end, readily lighting a coal fire.

The inventor explained the mechanism, and made a practical experiment of its working. For nearly two years he has been doing without his breakfast because he could not get up in time to make a fire for his wife to do the cooking before he went to work.

"But," said he, "I've got her now. I am a great eater, and breakfast is my chief delight," he added, as the reporter walked away, after exhorting him to invent an automatic cook.

HE—"It's a polka; but we can waltz to it."

She—"Oh, not for worlds! I hate waltzing to a polka; besides I adore the polka step!'

He—"Sorry! I—a—nevah dance the polka, but we can sit out this dance, if you like—and I will talk to you!"

She—"Oh, goodness gracious, no! Let us dance it any way you like!"

The Event at Midgeville.

It was the latter part of November, just before Thanksgiving, when an event occurred in Midgeville that agitated Midgeville society from centre to circumference.

It was no new thing for Midgeville society to be agitated. Indeed, it would have been a much better thing for it to have remained unagitated for any length of time.

Mrs. Pricilla Downs often said that "Midgeville was the excitingest town she ever resided in." As her youth had been spent in the whirl of gayety at Bald Hill Clove, and fifteen years of her married life in Poverty Corner, this was saying a great deal, but it was true, nevertheless; there was, as Mrs. Priscilla affirmed, always something happening at Midgeville.

Midgeville had fallen into a state of apathy not uncommon after great and prolonged excitement, when it was again aroused by the startling intelligence that widow Benson and her two children had been turned out of doors.

Mrs. Benson had formerly lived in Pinewood, but three years before had brought a pretty cottage of Dr. Holmes, and with her little family had taken up her abode in Midgeville.

She had paid $500 down (the neighbors soon found out) and an unmarried brother, who was earning a good salary in the city, became responsible for the remainder. But the brother had died soon after the purchase, and, being unable to make the payments herself, the widow was now to be turned out of house and home into the cold, cold world.

At least such was the story, and it came straight. Mrs. Muggins, the blacksmith's wife, had just stepped into Mrs. Benson's on Monday, "while the clothes were boiling," to get a little advice as to how she'd better trim Susan Maria's dress, and found her packing up and getting ready to move, and in answer to her inquiries as to her object in moving in cold weather she said that "Dr. Holmes wanted the house for one of his nephews."

"She didn't 'pear to want to talk much about it," said Mrs. Muggins, "poor creeter, I suppose she felt so bad she couldn't; I don't think she has the least idee where she's agoin' to live, although she's going to her sister's at Pinewood for a spell, but her sister has got a family of her own and of course she can't be expected to provide a home for a widder and two children."

Mrs Muggins was terribly indignant, and so was every one to whom she told the story, and it was thought best to have a meeting of the Union Sewing Society the next day (although it was not the day for their meeting) and see what could be done about it. The meeting was held at the President's, Mrs. Murch's, who lived directly opposite Dr. Holmes' residence. It was well attended, and never did Union Sewing Society show a more united spirit than in denouncing Dr. Holmes and expressing sympathy for the unfortunate widow

The widow Sharp boldly proposed raising money by subscription (of course, being a widow herself, she wouldn't be expected to give anything,) but the other ladies, after making some mental calculations, concluded that it wouldn't be best; "Widow Benson was a dreadful high-spirited woman and might feel affronted."

So there seemed nothing they could do after all except to free their minds, but they did that thoroughly.

It was perfectly scandalous, they declared, for Doctor Holmes, the richest man in Midgeville, and not a child or chick in the world, to oppress the widow and fatherless.

"Such a good woman as she is in sickness," said Mrs. Taylor, whose children had had a run of measles; "and dreadful tasty," sighed grandma Newcomb, wondering where her pretty caps were to come from now. "But nothing gaudy; you never see her rigged out in flounces and furbelows," added Mrs. Joel Clark, with a side glance at the ruffle on Mrs. Muggins' dress. "And an amazing good hand to mind her own business," was the significant tribute by the blacksmith's wife. There were but two dissenting voices: Mrs. Bean, whose husband kept store, said "widders hadn't ought to buy what they couldn't pay for," not, as she afterwards explained, because she "blamed the widder Benson, but she wanted to hit the widder Sharpe a dab for not paying her grocery bill."

Miss Eudora Piper, who was afflicted with nervous headaches, remarked that she "had always found Dr. Holmes most gentle and affection——" and then stopped suddenly as if she had said more than she intended to although everybody, especially the Widow Sharpe knew she hadn't.

"There's the doctor's hired man harnessing the horse," said Mrs. Murch, looking out of the front window, "and as sure as I'm alive that's a brand new kerridge, and what a big one for just one——"

"Ma, ma," yelled Toby Murch, tumbling over the doorstep in his hurry to tell the news, "Will Benson said his mother was married last night to Dr. Holmes, and he's going to call him pa and they are goin' ter Pinewood to Thanksgivin'."

True enough the doctor put the two children into the carriage and helped the mother in with a most loverlike devotion.

"He sort o' does 'pear affectionate," said the Widow Sharpe, looking at Miss Piper with an exasperating smile.

"There's no fool like an old fool," snapped the fair Eudora.

"Did you ever?" asked the President, as the carriage rolled past, and she turned from the window and gazed upon the members.

And the members admitted that they "never did, really, although they had mistrusted it all along."

A project has been brought before the French Academy of Sciences for the construction of a sewer about 100 miles long, to convey the sewerage of Paris to the sea, pumping stations being established at two places. It is estimated that during two-thirds of the year almost the whole quantity of sewage would be absorbed by irrigation without its reaching the sea at all.

The Wrong Tile.

A German scientist declares that there is such a thing—though thing hardly expresses it—as transmigration of impression. People, he thinks, unconsciously transmit to their clothing, or anything with which they are intimately associated, certain conditions of their own temperament. He gives the following as an example: A student at Heidelberg was suddenly prostrated by a severe attack of gout, accompanied by a strong belief that he had been a sufferer for many years. His friends thought that he was losing his mind, for every one knew that he had been a sufferer. One day, throwing off an old robe, which he had worn for some time, he experienced immediate relief. This startled him. He put on the robe again and the gout returned, took it off and again was free from pain. This caused an investigation, which led to the discovery that the robe was once the property of a gouty old professor. Here is another instance which I think will strengthen the argument: A young lady while examining a collection of relics put on a richly braided cap, and with a start exclaimed: "Oh, I shall be shot within an hour!" The cap had been worn by Maximilian just one hour before his death in Mexico.

I cite these facts to inspire public confidence in a statement which I shall make with great hesitation. That part of the public with which I am acquainted has several times fancied that truth was not safe in my keeping so no one can blame me for the great precaution which I have taken. Several days ago, after eating dinner at the hotel, I walked out to enjoy the bracing atmosphere. I felt a sensation of quiet joy. I stopped and cordially shook hands with a man from whom I had a few weeks before borrowed $19. "Come round to my office," said I, "and you shall have your money; and, by the way," I added with a generosity that surprised myself, "if you should want to borrow $25 or $100, I can accommodate you. Good morning."

I had gone but a short distance after leaving my friend, when I saw a horse that impressed me with his noble appearance.

"What'll you take for that horse?" I asked of the man who was riding the animal.

"Two hundred and fifty."

"Git down; I want him."

The man dismounted, and after looking in the horse's mouth, gathering up the skin on his shoulders and lifting up one of his hoofs, I decided to buy him.

"Here," said I, feeling for my check-book. "You can go right down and get your money."

I couldn't find the check-book. I became confused. "That's strange," said I, searching my pockets.

"What are you looking for?"

"Check-book."

The fellow smiled maliciously. "Probably it's in your iron safe," said he.

"No, I am certain that I put it in this pocket."

"Probably you mistook it for a book of cigarette paper and—"

"Look here," said I, angrily, "don't talk to me that way. I understand my business. I must have left it in my office.'

"Say," called a red-headed fellow, who stood on the sidewalk, "is he talking about buyin' that hoss."

"Yes," replied the owner of the animal, "but he has lost his check-book."

"Reckon he left it at my butcher shop. He ought to, for he's been gittin' meat thar for some time, an' ain't left nothin' yet. Don't fool with him. Talk about a check-book. Why, that fellow tried to beat his way into a minstrel show the other night, an' then borrowed enough money to take him up in the gallery."

Naturally, I felt indignant. In a rage I turned from my insulters and walked back to the hotel.

"Here," exclaimed a man whom I met at the door.

I stopped.

"Give me my hat. When you came out from dinner you put on the wrong tile."

Hastily uncovering my head, I saw that the hat I wore was wound round with crape.

"Mourning for my uncle," said the man. "Died the other day, and left me $75,000. Oh, I know you didn't do it intentionally. Yonder is your hat lying on the floor."

When I put on my own hat and walked out I did not enjoy the bracing atmosphere. When my friend comes up to collect the money I owe him, and to borrow the money which I have promised, I shall glide down the back stairway.

The Red Spot on Jupiter.

The great, red spot visible for years on Jupiter, has come and gone. Its appearance was a mystery; its disappearance is equally unaccountable. It left behind an unsolved problem, tangible proof of the equatorial acceleration of the planet. For the bright spots near the equator made a circuit around the planet in five minutes less time than the great red spot that was forty degrees from the equator. In precisely the same sky the spots near the sun's equator complete a revolution in less time than those nearer the poles. Here is another link connecting the central luminary more intimately with his lordly son, and including his developments within the bounds of solar mysteries. When we find out the reason why the equatorial sun-spots move faster than the polar sun-spots, then we shall learn why the Jovian bright spots move faster than the great, red spot. We shall probably be convinced at the same time that the regal planet is far more in the condition of the sun than his less massive and less richly endowed brethren. How many ages must roll on before the dawn of the day of certainty succeeds the long night of theory.

By a method of spectroscopic observation, Mr W. N. Hartley has reached the conclusion that ozone is a constant constituent of the upper atmosphere, that it is present there in a larger quantity than nearer the earth's surface, and that it is the cause of the blue color of the sky. Either in its gaseous form or condensed into a liquid, ozone appears of a deep blue.

AGRICULTURE.

Flat Culture for Potatoes.—A correspondent writes: Several years ago I became a convert to flat culture for potatoes, and every season convinces me that this mode is preferable to the forming of hills around the plants. This season, being a very moist one in this section, fully demonstrated with me that in moist as well as dry seasons flat culture is the better of the two. Just across the fence from my potato patch was a field of my neighbor's, of about four acres, planted about ten days before mine. The ground is alike on both patches—clayey loam. My neighbor manured more liberally than I did. He adopted the hill method of culture, and I the flat method. In the early part of the season his made a much more vigorous growth than mine; in fact the foliage in his field covered the ground before mine begun to grow. As the season advanced mine gained in growth upon his and maintained greener foliage longer. His ripened about a week ahead of mine, but while his crop averaged 180 bushels to the acre, mine averaged 250 bushels to the acre. There was seventy bushels difference upon soil similar, his having the advantage of more manure than mine. I consider that flat culture requires less labor than hilling, produces heavier crops, and the quality is just as good, with all other conditions the same.

Saving Cabbages till Spring.—We know of no better way to preserve cabbage throughout Winter than that which we have recommended for a number of years. It is to plant or set them up in rows as they grow—that is, with the roots down—fill it with soil pretty freely then make a covering by planting two posts where there is a fence to rest on, or four where there is not, allowing for a pitch to carry off the water; lap beanpoles opposite the way for the pitch and cover with cornfodder, straw or boards, In using through the Winter avoid as much as possible the sunside and close up again. We have not found that setting the cabbage upsidedown in the rows, as many do, of any advantage, as we have kept ours for more than twenty years in the way we mention in a sound, perfect condition, through the Winter into Spring, and could even up to the first of May if desirable. We see other methods recommended and they may answer just as well, but as to our own we speak from a long experience.

The Tempering of the Cream.—The tempering of cream is one of the most important operations in butter making. This is especially true in cold weather. The different parts of cream are affected differently by heat. A can of cream may be placed in a kettle of hot water and heated till the thermometer indicates sixty-two to sixty-five degrees without having heated the butter globules in the cream at all. This will not ordinarily be the case, it is true, but it is liable to be, and it is approximately so in all cases where the heat is rapid. Cream should be kept warm for several hours before churning so that it may become warmed through. Or, if it is necessary to temper it hastily, it should be raised considerably above the churning temperature and suffered to fall back which it will do in a short time.

Don't Scrape the Trees.—The commonly received advice to orchardists to scrape the rough bark from old apple trees has been contradicted, some have tried it and concluded that the practice did more harm than good, The rough bark is a protection to trees from sudden changes of temperature. The benefit often claimed from scraping the tree comes from the greater attention paid to them in other respects by men who take this trouble. Whitewashing apple trees is equally ineffectual for good.

A cultivated crop thrives in proportion to the effectiveness of the cultivation. To suppose that the killing of weeds is the only purpose of the cultivating of a crop is a mistake. A premium crop of potatoes was hoed every day in the season until the crop was gathered. Stirring of the soil is equivalent to fertilization, and, as long as there is room to pass between the rows, a weekly working of the soil—the surface only—will be beneficial,

For a home-made disinfectant dissolve a bushel of salt in a barrel of water, and with the salt water slack a barrel of lime, which should be wet enough to form a kind of paste. For the purpose of a disinfectant this home-made chloride of lime is nearly as good as that purchased at the shops. Use it freely about sinks, cellars, gutters and out-houses, and in this way prevent sickness, suffering and expense.

A stiff whisk-broom is better to remove the dust and dirt from a horse's legs than a currycomb, Many horses with thin skins are exceedingly nervous and restive in the hands of careless grooms, and this nervousness often degenerates into viciousness.

Cattle-men and stock-owners of the Yellowstone Valley are waging a war of extermination against the numberless bears, prairie wolves and coyotes that are committing ravages on the cattle herds on the north side of the Yellowstone river,

An Indiana farmer states that he cured heaves in horses by withholding hay from them and substituting green food in its place. He also gives a ball as large as walnut, composed of equal parts of a balsam of fir and balsam of copaiba.

An animal that has been injured by overfeeding cannot be again brought into as good condition as one that has grown poor through lack of food. Overfed hogs can rarely be brought back to a good, healthy condition. The results of overfeeding are derangement of the digestive organs, loss of appetite and finally loss of flesh.

Do not allow poultry to freeze before packing. It gives a blue, pinched look and it will not keep, as after thawing it soon spoils.

It has been found that cream is more easily churned when the cows have been fed on ensilage than when they have been fed on corn meal.

Canaries.—To free canaries and other cage birds from the insects which infest them, the following method is recommended by one who has successfully practiced it for years: Every night just at dusk the cage or aviary is covered with white cloth. During the night the parasites will crawl from off the birds on to the cloth, where they may be seen running about when the cloth is removed at daybreak. The insects may be killed by putting the cloth into boiling water. A repetition of the process will soon clear away the pests without injuring the birds. Insect powders will no doubt kill parasites but the birds as well,

Colorless Cement.—A foreign journal furnishes the following formula for a nearly colorless cement, suitable for glass: "Seventy parts fine cut, pure India rubber, which has not been vulcanized; dissolved in 100 parts of chloroform; when the rubber is thoroughly dissolved and fifteen parts gum mastic. It will require several days to dissolve, and it must be kept in stoppered bottles out of the reach of heat,

Paper Pillows.—The making of counterpanes and pillow shams out of paper is now one of the industries of New Jersey. No. 1 manilla paper is used, two large sheets being held together by a small twine at intervals of three or four inches, gummed so as to stick the sheets together where the twine lies. The margin of the counterpane has a hem, in which is more of the twine, to keep it from tearing. Beautiful designs are printed on the upper surface of the counterpane and pillow shams, which make a very neat appearance. When they become wrinkled thet can be made smooth by hot flay irons.

A Clear Voice.

Mr. Charles T. Krebs, 737 Madison avenue, Baltimore, Maryland, well known in banking circles, certifies to the excellence of the Red Star Cough Cure. A few doses speedily cured his niece of severe hoarseness and sore throat. It is pleasant to take. No one can be poisoned by this remedy, which is free from opium, morphia and other dangerous drugs.

An humble knowledge of thyself is a surer way to God than a deep searching after learning.

Prominent Butter Makers.

There is no dissent from the decision of candid and capable dairymen, that the Improved Butter Color of Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt., is the best in the world. Such men as A. W. Cheever of Massachusetts, E. D. Mason, Vermont; Francis A. Hoffman, Wisconsin, use it, and recommend it as superior to all others.

As to trouble, who expects to find cherries without stones, or roses without thorns?

Regulars.

One of the strongest proofs of the value of Kidney-Wort as a Remedy for diseases of the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, is the fact that is used and prescribed by "regular" physicians. Philip C. Ballou, M. D., of Monkton, Vt., says: "Take it all in all, it is the most successful remedy I have ever used."

Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.

The Proprietors of Ely's Cream Balm do not claim it to be a cure-all, but a sure remedy for Catarrh, Colds in the Head and Hay Fever. It is not a liquid or a snuff, but is easily applied with the finger. It gives relief at once. Sold by all druggists. Price 50 cents. By mail 60 cents, Ely Bros., Owego, N. Y.

Nothing gives an author so great pleasure as to find his works quoted respectfully by others.

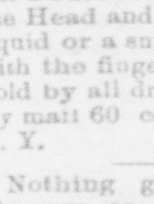
Catarrh of the Bladder.

Stinging, irritation, inflammation, all Kidney and Urinary Complaints, cured by "Buchu-Paiba." $1.

The one secret of tranquility is first to trust in the Lord and then to do good,

A Sore Throat or Cough, if suffered to progress, often results in an incurable throat or lung trouble. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" give instant relief.

We do not have great trials and sharp agonies and heroic works to do every day. It is very small strokes that make the diamond shine.



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VEGETABLE PILLS"

The best cure for LIVER and BILIOUS complaints, COSTIVENESS, HEADACHE and DYSPEPSIA. Price, 25 cents, at Druggists, or by mail. Samples sent free. Address

ST. BERNARD VEGETABLE PILL MAKERS,
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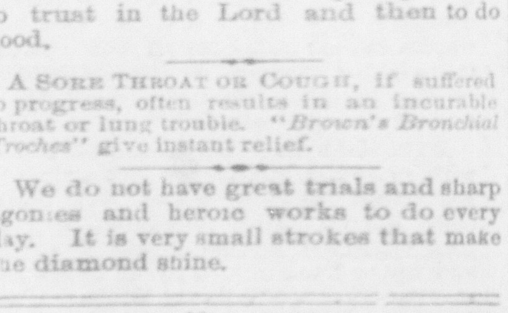

STOMACH
BITTERS

By the use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters the haggard appearance of the countenance and sallowness of dyspeptics are supplanted by a healthier look, and as the food is assimilated, the body acquires substance. Appetite is restored, and the nervous system refreshed with much needed slumber, through the use of this medicine, which is also beneficial to persons of a rheumatic tendency, and an inestimable preventive of fever and ague.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

RED STAR
19 TRADE RED STAR MARK
COUGH CURE

Absolutely Free from Opiates, Emetics and Poisons.

A PROMPT, SAFE, SURE CURE

For Coughs, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Influenza, Colds, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Quinsy, Pains in Chest, and other affections of the Throat and Lungs.

Price 50 cents a bottle. Sold by Druggists and Dealers. *Parties unable to induce their dealer to promptly get it for them will receive two bottles, Express charges paid, by sending one dollar to*

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER COMPANY,
Sole Owners and Manufacturers,
Baltimore, Maryland, U. S. A.

Railroad Trains.—English practical science demonstrates that reversing an engine on a railroad train has scarcely a perceptible effect in checking it, the main reliance must be upon the brakes. In one case where the engine was reversed a quarter of a mile from the station, the train passed the station at the rate of twenty miles an hour.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage expressage and $3 carriage hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot.

600 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Were there no rouges heaven would be limitless. Were there no honest men the devil would languish with ennui.

I was troubled with catarrh for seven years previous to commencing the use of Ely's Cream Balm, some five months ago. It has done for me what other so-called cures failed to do—cured me. The effect of the Balm seems like magic.—Clarence L. Huff, Biddeford, Me.

Were we the creator of man, we would make a race of people who understand their own business as well as they do the affairs of their neighbor.

☞ Do it Yourself. With Diamond Dyes any lady can get as good results as the best practical dyer. Every dye warranted true to name and sample. 10c. at druggists. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

They declaim most against the world who have most sinned against it, as people generally abuse those that they have injured.

The Hope of the Nation.

Children slow in development, puny, scrawny and delicate, use "Wells' Health Renewer."

Perhaps there has been nobler specimens of magnanimity in humble life than even the page of history can boast.

So Say We All of Us.

The greatest beauty seen
Of womankind so rare,
Is when she uses Carboline
To beautify her hair.

A right mind and generous affection have more and charms more than all other symmetries in the world besides.

For Dyspepsia, Indigestion, depression of spirits and general debility, in their various forms; also as a preventive against fever and ague and other intermittent fevers, the "Ferro-Phosphorated Elixir of Calisaya" made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all Druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients recovering from fever or other sickness, it has no equal.

The more self is indulged, the more it demands, and, therefore, of all men, the selfish are the most discontented.

I suffered for more than ten years with that dreadful disease catarrh, and used every available medicine which was recommended to me. I cannot thank you enough for the relief which your Cream Balm has afforded me.—Emanuel Meyers, Winfield, L. I.

To the Poet, the Philosopher, and the Saint, all events are profitable, all days are holy, all men divine.

Fits: All Fits stopped free. Treatise and $2 00 trial bottle of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

If a man knew as much about himself as he does about his neighbor, he would never speak to himself.

"Rough on Coughs."

Ask for "Rough on Coughs," for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Troches, 15c. Liquid, 25c.

An important discovery in aeronautics is reported from Germany, By the aid of compressed carbonic acid the gas in balloons is condensed or expanded at pleasure, causing the balloon to ascend or descend at the aeronaut's will.

Two ounces of soda dissolved in a quart of hot water will make a ready and useful solution for cleaning old painted work preparatory to repairing. This mixture, in the above proportions, should be applied when warm, and the woodwork afterward washed with water to remove all traces of the soda.

The Bulletin de la Societe Geographic, Paris, announces that the society has awarded this year three gold medals for geographical work—the first to Edwards, for sub-marine investigations, the second to M. Thouar, for his journey to the Grand Chaco, and the third to M. Charnay, for his Yucatan explorations and discoveries.

Civilization has its drawbacks. It is said that not only has the acuteness of vision of civilized man fallen below the standard common among savage nations but at the same time the eyes of civilized man often depart from the normal or approximately spherical formation, either becoming flattened from front to back so as to bring the retina too near the surface, or elongated from front to back so as to remove the retina too far from the surface.

When alone we have our thoughts to watch; in our families, our tempers; in society, our tongues.

Jones (of Jones, Brown & Co.)—"Yes, we want a new hand. I advertised for an experienced packer."

Applicant—"I would like to get the situation, sir."

"Well as you see, our goods are pretty tough and can stand rough handling, so there is no trouble about breakage, but boxes cost money and our aim is to get the largest quantities crowded into the smallest possible space, not an inch of air room being left. Have you had any experience in that kind of packing?"

"Oh! yes, sir. I used to be a conductor on a street car."

Mrs. De Poultice—"Oh! I am a firm believer in homœopathy and never think of employing old school physicians any more."

Mrs. De Pinks—"Well, I can't say that I entirely agree with you."

"But I thought you believed in it, because you told me you had a homœopathic physician for the children."

"Yet; it seems to work well with children, but still I don't place much confidence in it. When poor Fido was sick I sent for an allopath."

Bill Stubblefield of Del Rio, Texas, being in New York, and walking on Broadway, saw a sign in a store window: "*Aqui se habla espanol.*" or "Here they talk Spanish." As Bill could talk Spanish fluently, owing to his living among Mexicans on the Rio Grande, he went into the store, and began to jabber Spanish to the clerks, none of whom, however, were able to reply.

"Who the mischief speaks Spanish here, anyhow?"

"Dose Mexican schentlemans vat comes here to buy dings," replied an Israelitish clerk.

"Good morning, Are you a contractor?"

"Yes, sir,"

"Building contractor?"

"I am sir."

"Do you build churches and theaters and school houses and asylums?"

"Yes, sir. What can I do for you?"

"Nothing special; only I hope you will keep right on building them just as they are built to-day. Hope you won't be induced to get any new fangled notions in your head."

"Why, sir, Who are you anyway?"

"Oh, I'm only an undertaker,"

"I see there will be no performance of the burlesque to-night."

"That's too bad; what's the cause."

"Why, a bold thief entered the theater last night after the show and stole about forty costumes,"

"Haven't the police a clew?"

"Oh, yes; the man was followed and arrested. It was ascertained that he had been hired by the other show to do it. However, the property was not recovered. The fellow showed great heroism."

"What had become of the costumes?"

"He had swallowed them."

The key to hell may resemble gold, but it is only fire guilt,

Young men or middle-aged ones suffering from nervous debility and kindred weaknesses should send three letter stamps for illustrated book suggesting sure means of cure. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Honesty pleases God, falsehood flatters man.

It's no secret that Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-Weed is composed of best genuine French Brandy, distilled Extract of Smart-Weed and Jamaica Ginger Root, with Camphor Essence, and constitutes, therefore, the best remedy yet known for colic or cramps, cholera morbus, diarrhœa, dysentery or bloody-flux, or to break up colds, fevers and inflammatory attacks. 50 cents. By druggists.

Home-made goods are bought by home-aid people.

"The leprous distilment, whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That, swift as quicksilver, it courses
through
The natural gates and alleys of the body,"

and causes the skin to become "barked about, most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust." Such are the effects of diseased and morbid bile, the only antidote for which is to cleanse and regulate the liver—an office admirably performed by Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery."

A publisher needs patience to meet his pay shants.

"Rough on Pain" Plaster;

Porous and strengthening, improved, the best for backache, pains in chest or side, rheumatism, neuralgia. 25c. Druggists or mail.

Truth is naked, falsehood is clothed in real garments.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is prepared in the most careful manner by men fully conversant with all the details of practical pharmacy. The combination and proportion of sarsaparilla, dandelion, mandrake, yellow dock, and other remedial agents, is exclusively peculiar to Hood's Sarsaparilla, and unknown to other medicines, thus giving to Hood's Sarsaparilla strength and curative power unsurpassed.

"I was troubled very much with dyspepsia and could find nothing to relieve me till I tried Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it has done wonders for me. I would recommend it to every one, as it has helped me more than any other remedy I could get."—Fred Pohler, Indianapolis, Ind.

Purifies the Blood

"Hood's Sarsaparilla as a blood purifier has no equal. It tones the system, strengthens and invigorates, giving new life. I have taken it for kidney complaint with the best results."—D. R. Saunders, 81 Pearl Street, Cincinnati, O.

"For twenty years I have been afflicted with rheumatism. Before 1883 I found no relief, but grew worse till I was almost helpless. I then began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it did me more good than all the other medicines I ever had."—H. T. Balcom, Shirely, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is made by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5.

Purifies, enriches and vitalizes the blood, stimulates the digestion, and gives strength to the whole body, effecting remarkable cures of scrofula salt rheum, all humors, dyspepsia, biliousness, headache, kidney and liver complaints, catarrh, rheumatism, and that extreme tired feeling caused by change of climate, season or life.

"My son had salt rheum on his hands and on the calves of his legs. His hands were so bad they would crack open and bleed. He took Hood's Sarsaparilla, and I am happy to state is entirely cured."—J. B. Stanton, Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

Strengthens the System

"My daughter had been ailing for some time with general debility, and Hood's Sarsaparilla was recommended to us. After she had taken three bottles she was completely cured and built up. It is with great pleasure that I recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla."—Ben. M. Merrielees, Supt. Cincinnati & St. Louis U. S. Mail Line Co., Cincinnati.

"I had been troubled with hives and pimples for some time, I was advised to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I have taken two bottles and am entirely cured."—Effie M. Petrie, Portsmouth, Ohio.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is made by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass. Sold by druggists. $1; 6 for $5.

100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR

They were discussing amateur theatricals.

"We would give the play if we could only have a storm scene," said the stage manager.

"I think I can help you out," suggested Mr. Brown. "Mrs. Brown can take that part."

He had just had his hair cut and returned home.

"Hum!" he says, after examining himself in the glass critically, "I guess I shall have to go back to the barber's shop again. This will never do!"

"What's the matter?" says his wife, has he cut your hair too long?"

"No, confound him; he's gone and cut it too short, I'll make him cut it over again."

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND
IS A POSITIVE CURE FOR
All those painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best
FEMALE POPULATION.

Price $1 in liquid, pill or lozenge form.

Its purpose is solely for the legitimate healing of disease and the relief of pain, and that it does all it claims to do, thousands of ladies can gladly testify.

It will cure entirely all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It removes Faintness, Flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves Weakness of the Stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

Send stamp to Lynn, Mass., for pamphlet. Letters of inquiry confidentially answered. *For sale at druggists.*

VARICOCELE

or Wormy Veins of the Scrotum. Often the unsuspected cause of Lost Manhood, Debility, &c., quickly and painlessly cured by the Elastic Cradle-Compressor, $6. Glove-fitting. Circular Free. CIVIALE REMEDIAL AGENCY, 160 Fulton St., New York.

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OUR WILD INDIANS

By Gen. DODGE and Gen. SHERMAN. The fastest selling book out. Indorsed by Pres't Arthur, Gen's Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, and thousands of Eminent Judges, Clergymen, Editors, etc., as "*The Best and Finest Illustrated Indian Book Ever Published.*" It takes like wildfire, and Agents sell 10 to 20 a day. ☞75,000 sold. Its Great Authorship and Solid Merit makes it the booming book for Agents. ☞Send for Circulars, Specimen Plate, Extra Terms, etc., to A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

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In the human body ERADICATED by using
CLARK'S WORM SYRUP!
INFALLIBLE
An old-time remedy. Safe and effectual in its action. Price 25 cents a bottle.
☞FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS.☜

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THAT
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bearing a red tin tag; that Lorillard's Rose Leaf fine cut; that Lorillard's Navy Clippings, and that Lorillard's Snuffs, are the best and cheapest, quality considered?

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KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A sure relief for ASTHMA. Price 35cts. by mail. STOWELL & CO. Charlestown, Mass.

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RUPTURE Cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, the successful specialist. Ease at once; no operation or delay from business; tested by hundreds of cures. 831 Arch St., Phila. Send for circular. Advice free.

VIGOR For Men. Quick, sure, safe. Book free. Civiale Agency, 160 Fulton St., New York.

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OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

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AXLE GREASE.

Best in the World. Made only by the Frazer Lubricator Co. at Chicago, N. Y. & St. Louis. *Sold everywhere.*

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FAY'S
MANILLA
ROOFING
ESTABLISHED 1866

Is Cheap, STRONG, WATER-PROOF, Easy to apply, Does not rust or rattle. Is also A SUBSTITUTE for PLASTER at Half the Cost. Outlasts the building. CARPETS and RUGS of same, double the wear of oil cloths. Catalogue and samples free. W. H. FAY & CO. CAMDEN, N. J.

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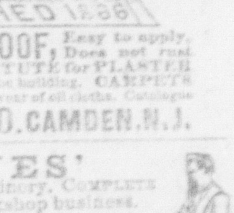

Patent Foot Power Machinery. Complete Outfits for actual workshop business. With them Builders, Cabinet Makers, Metal and Wood Workers compete with steam power. Machines on trial if desired. Proof of value, prices, full detail, illustr'd catalogue, free. W. F. & John Barnes Co., Rockford, Ill. Address No. 596 Ruby St.

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BORAZEL PROVED to be "The True Remedy for NAZAL CATARRH," by many trials under the observation of several eminent physicians. An agreeable, direct application. Prepared by a skillful chemist. Liberal bottles. Mailed on receipt of price, 50c. in cent stamps. Pamphlet free. Address, YALE CHEMICAL CO., New Haven, Conn.

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A few good reliable men to act as AGENTS for the sale of our NEW FRUITS AND SPECIALTIES! together with a full line of NURSERY STOCK. Previous experience not essential. LIVE ACTIVE MEN EARN GOOD WAGES. For terms, address, giving full name, age and reference,

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WEST CHESTER, PENNA.

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THE BEST NEWSPAPER FOR
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THE FARMER!
THE MECHANIC!
THE BUSINESS MAN!

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EIGHT PAGES. POSTAGE FREE.
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THE OPIUM-HABIT
EASILY CURED. ADVICE FREE.
Dr. J. C. HOFFMAN, Jefferson, Wis.

FITS STOPPED FREE

Marvelous success. Insane Persons Restored. Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER for all BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. Only sure cure for Nerve Affections, Fits, Epilepsy, etc. INFALLIBLE if taken as directed. No Fits after first day's use. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges on box when received. Send names, P. O. and express address of afflicted to Dr. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. See Druggists. BEWARE OF IMITATING FRAUDS.

AGENTS WANTED for the most popular & easiest selling book ever published, "TWENTY YEARS OF CONGRESS" —1861-1881— by James G. Blaine. Hon. J. S. Wise, M. C., from Va., says: "*Whoever takes it up no matter whether he be Mr. Blaine's friend or enemy, will never put it down until he has read the whole.*" Agents make from $200 to $1,000 per month. Over 6,000 agents already employed. Send for our very liberal terms. Address, THE HENRY BILL PUB. CO., Norwich, Conn.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

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ILLUSTRATED
HISTORY,
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WONDER-BOOKS in no trifling sense, but the best literature of the world presented in excellent and attractive form, at prices so low as to excite universal "wonder."

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Harper & Brothers' lowest price for these four great works is $14.50; my price is *$2.50*; postage 40 cents extra.

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The above cannot be obtained from any other publishing house for less than $10; my price is *$1.75*; postage 30 cents.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor.

CENTRE HALL, PA., MAR. 4, 1885.

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We have recieved from Messrs. Pioliet and Rhone, committee for the Grangers, a copy of the "new tax-law," and which has been introduced in the house by the latter gentleman, one of our representatives. The bill is as follows:

SEC. 1—From and after the passage of this act assessors of the several townships, boroughs and cities of the Commonwealth shall annually, in the month of April, assess all taxable persons, natural and artificial, owning or in possession of real estate and visible personal property at its actual cash value; also all bonds, mortgages, notes, bills and other evidences of debt of any and every form whatsoever, bearing interest and due from solvent debtors, except only the property authorized to be exempted from taxation by the first section of the ninth article of the constitution of Pennsylvania.

SEC. 2—The property, real and personal, of any private corporation to be included in the said assessments under the first section of this act, shall be such only as shall be owned, held, or possessed by them otherwise than strictly and exclusively for corporate purposes in concluding the authorized business of the company and not clearly represented by its taxed corporate stock or shares.

SEC. 3—To enable said assessor to ascertain all personal property not visible, every taxable person, firm, association or corporation shall furnish said assessor with a written statement of all interest bearing bonds, mortgages, notes, bills and other evidences of the debt of any and every form whosoever owned or held in trust and due from solvent debtors, the amount of which several obligations shall be set to the name of every such taxable person, firm, association or corporation in the assessment book, and all such real estate and personal property thus ascertained shall form the basis or amount for which the owner or owners shall be taxable and any and every obligation or evidence of debt that shall not be entered in the assessor's book shall, while so withheld from assessment, be uncollectable, by any suit, process or proceeding whatsoever, and all interest thereon shall be forfeited during such time, and the several assessors shall file in the commissioners's office all the statements furnished to them, which shall be preserved among the records of said office.

SEC. 4—Assessors shall state in the assessment books the amounts secured by dower, mortgage and judgment upon the premises of any taxable person, firm, association, or corporation or charge thereon, and deduct the same from the valuation of the encumbered property: Provided, said person, firm, association or corporation, shall pay the yearly amount of tax on such dower, mortgage, judgment or charge to the collector of the tax, which amount the said taxable person, firm, association or corporation shall be entitled to offset as payment for interest or principal upon said dower, mortgage, judgment or charge.

SEC. 5—Assessors shall make returns annually, &c.

SEC. 6—Every assessor elected or appointed by authority of law shall, before entering upon the duties of his office, make oath or affirmation to render a true and correct assessment as directed by the provisions of this act; and any assessor who shall willfully neglect or refuse to assess all property at its actual cash value and make a return thereof and of liens and charges on real estate thereon, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall be punished by a fine of not less than $100 and imprisonment in the county jail for a term of not less than thirty days nor more than one year.

SEC. 7—That all acts now in force, imposing license taxes upon the wholesale and retail venders of merchandise, and taxes upon collateral inheritance be, and the same are hereby repealed, saving only all remedies for collection of such licences and taxes imposed before the passage of this act, it being the true intent and meaning of this act that venders of merchandise shall be assessed and pay taxes upon their property in the same manner as other persons subject to taxation.

POOR FELLOWS!

Prostrated, debilitated, enfeebled, they feel as if they were hardly worth picking up. They would hardly give the toss of a bright penny for a chance of a choice between life and death. But even such forlorn people can be renewnd by the use of Brown's Iron Bitters. It vitalizes the blood, tones the nerves, and renovates the system. Isaac C. Weed, Burr's Mills, Ohio, says, "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for general weakness, and it helped me greatly."

A BLOODY FIGHT WITH INDIANS.

Panama, Feb. 16.—A sanguinary engagement has taken place in the Iavja Valley, Peru, between four companies of the government troops, and a horde of Indian mountaineers, numbering more than 2,000. The latter were defeated, leaving 300 dead on the field.

Scientific

Cows are said to eat horse chestnuts very readily; but these nuts do not appear to do so well with other animals of the stock raiser. Meal made from horse chestnuts contain 10 per cent. of albuminoids.

Dr. M. Rubner says that, while the experiments of Chossat, Regnau't, and others seem to show that small animals consume relatively more nutriment than large ones, he is unable himself to confirm this conclusion.

European horologists have begun to place on watches, &c., the hour hands of which makes two circuits in 24 hours, dials with figures so arranged from 1 to 24 that those for the day hours are shown on an inside circle and those for the night hours on an outside circle, after the manner first popularly introduced in this country.

Profs. A. Peterman and Wassage conclude from their researches on the best methods of applying manures to beets that, while superphosphate and nitrate of soda, with or without the addition of organic nitrogen, may be used in the Spring on sandy soil, deep plowing must be resorted to as narrowing is not sufficient.

To demonstrate the transference of bacteria from the soil to the air Brautlecht moistened ignited sand, gravelly soil, and a moderately clayey garden soil with liquid containing bacteria, and covered the substances so treated with glass bells. In a few hours microbia of the kind contained in the liquid abounded in the moisture condensed on the sides of the bell.

In the new mansion built by the Marquis of Bute on the site of the old Mount Stuart House, Isle of Bute, Scotland, provision has been made for 400 electric lamps and wires have been made for conducting the electric current into every room. For several months the workmen have employed the new light to enable them to push on rapidly with the finishing of elaborate interior ornamentation.

Dr. Pabst, of Stettin, has invented a primary cell of very low internal resistance and of remarkable constancy. It has electrodes of carbon and wraught iron dipping into a solution of ferric chloride. It is practically unpolarizable and self-regenerating. It works at the expense of iron and of the oxygen of the air, which is absorbed into the liquid, ferric oxide being deposited at the bottom of he cell. Profs. Bartoli and Papasogli's new cell, which had also been favorably received, has electrodes a platinum and of a brick of thoroughly incorporated retort coke and Ceylonese graphite, which dip into hypochlorite of soda. It uses up the carbon element. It has not half the electromotive force of Pabst a device.

The general effects on vegetation of the weather in the British Isles during the period from October, 1883, to September, 1884, of the mild Winter, the cold April, the hot August, and the long period of drought, have been, according to Mr. T. A. Preston, manifested in the prolonged existence of many Autumn species, in the great loss of wall fruit, in the failure of bush fruits, in the plentiful supply of strawberries for the comparatively short time they lasted, in the good hay harvest, although it was light in quantity, in the good crop, in the unusually plentiful potato crop, and in the great abundance of wild fruits. Analogous results have been apparent in this country under similar meteorological conditions.

A paper on the growth of trees, dealing especially with the curvature assumed by the branches of the horse chestnut, was recently read by M. A. Tylor before the Linnæan Society, London. He pointed out that the terminal bud was constantly directed upward, but was straightened out at a later stage of growth. Further, he found that terminal buds, when directed by being tied against a tree trunk or plank, invariably turned away from the obstruction irrespective of the incidence of light. When the growing points of neighboring branches were turned directly toward each other they mutually turned aside or one of them stopped growth. Some co-ordinating system was necessary to enable the parts to act in concert.

The Dutch Society for the Promotion of Local Rail and Tram Ways offers a price of 300 guilders for the best means of reducing and diminishing the pull and strain upon the horses in bringing the street cars into motion and to their normal speed, either by utilizing and turning to account the force wasted by frequent applications of the brakes, or by any other contrivance answering the same purpose. The apparatus must be so constructed as to allow of its being used in both directions when the car is in motion. Clear and distinct drawings or models must be sent in franco before the 1st of July to the "Secretary of the Society, Bahstraat [illegible], The Hague." and must be provided with a mark or symbol. The name and address of the sender must be inclosed in a scaled letter with the stamp indication (mark or symbol) on the envelope for the purpose of indentification.

An extra discount of 10 to 20 per cent on all ladies' and children's coats, at the Bee Hive.

IDEAS ABOUT INDIA.

The account given me by the oldest and best informed of my native acquaintance (and I am not talking here of Benganli demagogues, but of men holding it may be or who have held high office under Government and deservedly trusted by it) of the gradual estrangement which has come about within their recollection between themselves and the English in India, is most instructive. In the days, they say, of their youth, 30 and 40 years ago, though there were always among the company's officers men who from their abuse of power were disliked and justly feared, the general feeling of the natives toward the English civilian was one of respect and even of affection. The Indian character is affectionate, enthusiastic, and inclined to here worship; and the English in early days, from their superior knowledge and strength of character, exercised no little fascination on the native mind. Nearly all the older men talk with reverence and esteem of certain teachers who instructed them in youth, and of certain early patrons to whom they owed their success in after life; and they willingly acknowledge the influence exercised over themselves and their generation by such individual example. The English official of that day, they affirm, had more power than now, but he exercised it with a greater sense of responsibility, and so of honor in its discharge. He took pains to know the people; and, in fact, he knew them well. Except in the very highest ranks of the service he was readily accessible. He lived to a great extent among the people and according to the customs of the people. He did not disdain to make friends with those of the better class, and occasionally he married among them, or at least contracted semi-matrimonial relations with the women of the land. This may have had its consequences in other ways, but it broke down the hedge of caste prejudice between East and West, and gave the official a personal interest in the people, which no mere sense of duty, however elevated, could supply. The Englishman of that day looked upon India not unfrequently as his second home, and taking the evil with the good, treated it as such, England could only be reached by the Cape route. Traveling was tedious and expensive, the mails few and far between, and many a retired officer had at the end of his service become so wedded to the land of his adoption that he ended his days in it in preference to embarking on a new expatriation. It is easy to understand from this that the Anglo-Indian official of the company's days loved India in a way no Queen's official dreams of doing now. Also that, loving it, he served it better than now, and was better loved in return.

SMOKING IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

"So the White House is to have another smoker," said an old attache of that establishment to a Washington correspondent, as he carefully nursed a fragrant Havana and watched the rings of smoke ascend toward the frescoed ceiling. "I see that Mr. Cleveland is a smoker. Well, there has been pretty constant smoking here since Grant came in. There was an interregnum, so to speak, under Hayes, who did not smoke, nor did any of his boys; but with that exception the Presidents since Lincoln have all been smokers. Mr. Lincoln did not smoke nor chew. Johnson did, so did Grant, so did Garfield, so does Arthur and so will, Cleveland. There were great times among the smokers when Grant came in. It seemed as though everybody here smoked then. I remember up in the President's room at the Capitol, when he used to go up there to sign bills on the closing days of the session, the smoke was so thick that you could cut it with a knife, as the saying is. No, Hayes did not smoke, but not because of any objection on the part of his wife, for I think she rather enjoyed the odor of good cigar. I remember that she turned the cottage at the Soldiers' Home upside down one day looking for a cigar for me, after I had taken dinner with the family there. She had seen me smoking at my desk, and set out to find some cigars there, insisting that I should not be deprived of my after-dinner smoke, but failed, for somebody had captured all of them."

WHAT IS THE BRAIN?

After all, what is the brain but a scrap-book? If, when we are asleep, some one could peep in there, what would he find? Lines from favorite poets, stray bits of tunes and snatches from songs, melodies from operas, sentences from books, strange, meaningless dates, recollections of childhood, vague and gradually growing faint moments of perfect happiness, hours of despair and misery. The first kiss of childhood lovers, the first parting of bosom friends, the word of praise or the word of blame of a fond mother, pictures of men and women, hopes and dreams, that came to nothing, unrequited kindness, gratitude for favors, quarrels and reconciliations, old jokes, and through them all the thread of one deep and enduring passion for some one man or woman that may have been a misery or a delight.

Until every good man is brave we must expect to find many good woman timid.

New line of Woolens for spring and summer, just received at the Merchant Tailoring Department of the Bee Hive.

SAVED BY A TRAMP.

How the Passengers on an Ohio Road Escaped an Awful Death.

Dayton, Ohio, Feb. 22.—The St. Louis Express over the the New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio Railroad, from Cincinnati to Dayton, escaped a frightful accident and terrible loss of life yesterday through the timely and heroic conduct of a tramp. The train was running behind time at the rate of forty miles an hour, and when it neared Middletown the engineer saw a man standing in the track ahead of him wildly signaling the train to stop. The engineer quickly reversed brakes and brought the train to a halt within a few rods of a broken rail, which, had the train struck, would have hurled it over a 15-foot embankment. The tramp had guarded the spot for an hour and was almost frozen. The train in addition to its regular coaches, had the private car of C. C. Waite, Vice President of the Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati and Indianapolis road attached, with that gentleman and other prominent officials aboard. As soon as Mr. Waite learned the facts he handed the tramp $25, and the passengers aboard contributed a like sum. The man's name is Wm. Whalen and was en route to Cincinnati. He was brought to Dayton and treated royally. Some of the passengers bought him a new suit of clothes, dined him at the Beckel House, and gave him a handsome watch. This afternoon Mr. Waite returned to Cincinnati, having the savior of the train in his private car. He has given him a handsome position on his road, and if he proves worthy it will be for life.

A WALKING SKELETON.

Mr. E. Springer, of Mechanicsburg, Pa., writes: I was afflicted with lung fever and abscess on lungs, and reduced to a walking skeleton. Got a trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, which did me so much good that I bought a dollar bottle. After using three bottles, found myself once more a man, completely restored to health, with a hearty appetite and a gain in flesh of 48 pounds. Get a free trial bottle of this certain cure for all Lung diseases. Large bottles $1.

At Muncy Valley, Pa., Joseph Haberecker, his wife and three children, went sleighing in a large two-horse sleigh, on 26. On their way home the horses took fright and ran away. The sleigh was overturned and the occupants dragged 500 feet, when the horses fell. The father's neck was broken and the child Henry had both legs cut off, and died shortly. The wife and remaining children are thought to be fatally injured.

A Mr. Diehl, residing a short distance above Tyrone, is the father of 21 children, his present wife being the mother of them all, and yet she is only about 38 years of age.

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Sending health in every fiber of the system, is rapidly made by that remarkable preparation, LINDSEY'S IMPROVED BLOOD SEARCHER. For the speedy cure of Scrofula, Wasting, Mercurial Disease, Eruptions, Erysipelas, vital decay, and every indication of impoverished blood. "Lindsey's Blood Searcher" is the one remedy that can always be relied upon. Druggists sell it
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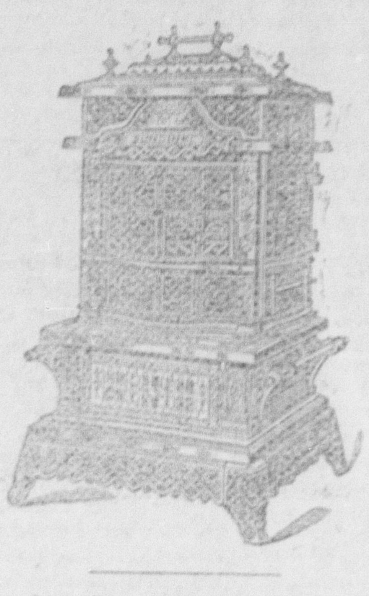

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The Cheapest Stoves
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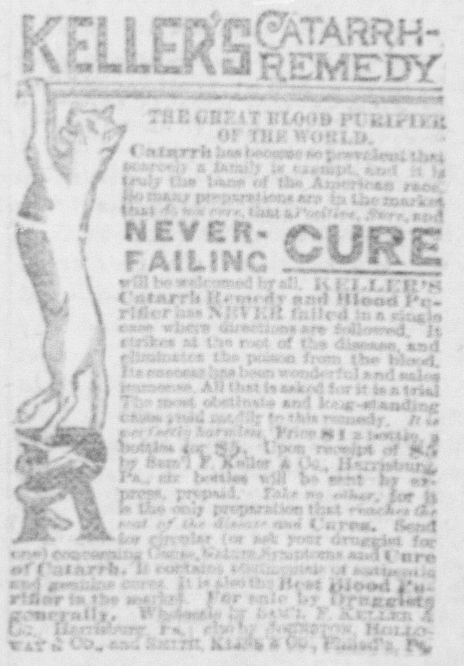

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THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER OF THE WORLD.
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will be welcomed by all. KELLER'S Catarrh Remedy and Blood Purifier has NEVER failed in a single case where directions are followed. It strikes at the root of the disease, and eliminates the poison from the blood. Its success has been wonderful and sales immense. All that is asked for it is a trial. The most obstinate and long-standing cases yield readily to this remedy. It is perfectly harmless. Price $1 a bottle, 6 bottles for $5. Upon receipt of $5 by Sam'l F. Keller & Co., Harrisburg, Pa., six bottles will be sent by express, prepaid. Take no other, for it is the only preparation that reaches the root of the disease and Cures. Send for circular (or ask your druggist for one) concerning Cause, Nature, Symptoms and Cure of Catarrh. It contains testimonials of authentic and genuine cures. It is also the Best Blood Purifier in the market. For sale by Druggists generally. Wholesale by SAM'L F. KELLER & Co., Harrisburg, Pa.; [illegible], HOLLOWAY & CO., and SMITH, KLINE & CO., Philad'a, Pa.

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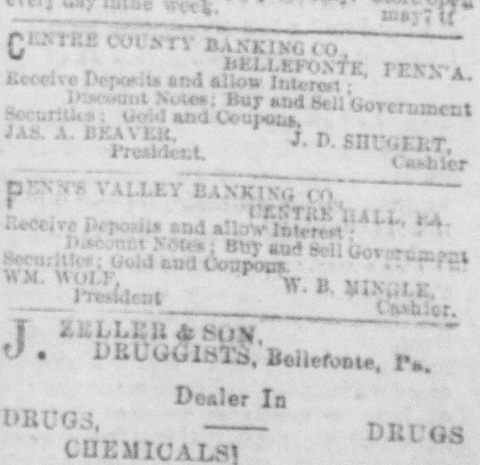

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It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to **Women,** and all who lead sedentary lives.

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Low priced fertilizers are not always the best. Baugh's $25.00 Phosphate is the best and the cheapest fertilizer, for the simple reason that it gives as good results as articles that cost very much more money. No farmer can make a mistake who buys Baugh's Animal Bone Super-Phosphate for $25 per ton, in new bags, free on board car or boat at Philadelphia. Their address is No. 20 South Delaware Avenue, Philadelphia.

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for the grandest and *fastest selling* book *ever published,*

OUR FAMOUS WOMEN

This is an entirely new and original work just published, and is the joint production of **20** of our *greatest living authors,* including *Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Rose Terry Cooke, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Marion Harland, Mary A. Livermore, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Louise Chandler Moulton, Mary Clemmer, Lucy Larcom,* and **11** other well known authors. These TWENTY *distinguished writers* here give for the first time, the complete history of the **Lives and Deeds** of **50** famous American women, most of whom are now living, whose lives have never *before* been *written,* and they tell how they have won their way from obscurity to fame and glory. For Thrilling Interest, Romantic Story, Spicy Humor, and Tender Pathos, this grand book is without a peer. *The Christian Advocate* says: *"This splendid book certainly is one of the very best and choicest subscription-books we have ever seen."* It is splendidly illustrated with full-page engravings, besides many superb portraits *from special photographs.*

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INGENIOUS CHURCH ROBBERS.

The city of Mexico, the scene of many peculiar crimes, was recently agog over the performances of a thief, which surpass anything on record. A short time ago several men went to the priest in charge of the Santa Cruz Church in that city, and asked permission to hold funeral services over a deceased friend at four o'clock the next morning. There was nothing unusual in the request, for many people in this country bury their dead early in the morning, before mass, and the priest gave permission. The men then said they would like to leave the corpse in the church over night, and to this the clerymen also assented. Some time after dark the men appeared at the church, bearing a coffin, which they deposited in front of the altar. They then withdrew, promising to be there early.

About midnight the sacristan was awakened by the barking of his dogs, and, feeling that something must be wrong, he dressed hastily and stepped from his room into the chancel. A dim light was burning near the altar, by means of which he could see a figure moving slowly on the other side of the chancel. Making up his mind that robbers were in the church, he ran quickly to his room for a pistol, and then made search. No one was to be seen. On the altar he found everything safe, but when he came in examine the images of the saints he soon saw that the costly jewels with which they had been ornamented were gone. He then redoubled his efforts to find the thief, but after half an hour passed in searching every nook of the great edifice, he was more mystified than ever, for he not only could not find the offender, but he could discover no place where he could have come in or gone out. Just before he determined to give the alarm, he thought of the corpse. Lighting a candle, he stepped softly to the bier and peered into the face of the dead. As he looked the eyelids of the corpse twitched, and at the same instant his own eyes fell on some of the glittering jewels which lay beside the man in the coffin.

Overjoyed at finding the thief, the sacristan thrust his revolver into the face of the "corpse," and ordered him to get out. The cold steel on the man's forehead convinced him that the order must be obeyed, and most extraordinary resurrection took place then and there. When the man had regained his feet, the sacristan, still covering him with his pistol, gathered up the jewels, and then marched the culprit to the priests house, where he was turned over to the police. Several soldiers were then stationed in the church, and when the thief's confederates arrived in the morning they were taken into custody. At first they denied all knowledge of the conspiracy, but after a little one of them confessed and told the whole story. He said they intended to go through the forms of a funeral, and then carry their friend out to the cemetary, and after letting him out of the coffin, bury it, and leave the country speedily.

A SCIENTIST'S WAND.

One of the most remarkable of eletrical manifestations is that known as globular or ball lightning, which is so rare that physicists have had little opportunity of studying it. A similar phenomenon, however, has been produced in the laboratory on a small scale. It has been caused accidently on various occasions, and on having a piece of apparatus destroyed by one of the discharges Mons. Plante, the well-known French electrican, has been led to experiences in which a successful intimation of ball lightning has evidently been obtained. With a powerful current from secondary batteries he has produced in an air condenser, formed of two moistened pads of filter paper placed near together, a small incandescent globule, lasting some minutes and moving slowly in a curious and most erratic path. When a condenser was used in which the insulating material was ebonite, a sound was emitted like that of a tooted wheel rapidly rotated against a piece of card-beard.

A BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

A writer describes a walk in Venice At a very few yards a watery way runs into the main artery, and you have to mount to the arched bridge. On one of these bridges there is a view of the Bridge of Sighs above the same canal. Then by a few steps, and you are standing by the columns which support the lion of St. Mark and St. Theodore on a crocodile. This spot was the place of execution, and as we step across it now the vision of a scaffold and manacled human creatures come up between us and sighs of St. Mark's Square beyond, the most interesting place in Venice, whose history is a romance and existence a dream. Hundreds of doves crowd the pavement, and children and their nurses are feeding them. Tradition has it that these doves are the decendants of a flock used by Admiral Dandalo in beseiging the Island of Candia. They brought him news which aided him in the capture, and he afterwards sent them to Venice, where they have been carefully tended ever since. When the music is playing they keep up the regular dance in the air, and seem to delight in the sweet sounds.

Ladies Plush garments made to order at the Bee Hive.

THE WILD WELSH COAST.

Nearly three-fourths of the entire circuit of Wales is seacoast. A great part of this coast is rugged and dangerous, but there are frequently recurring harbors of refuge easily and safely entered. Steep and forbidding cliffs, with fronts of iron, black, jagged, frowning, receive the Atlantic's rudest buffetings grimly. The southern shore of Wales, from a point just below Cardiff to the extreme westernmost reach of land at St. David's Head, is washed by an ocean whose free sweep is unbroken straight across to the coast of Newfoundland. At various points the cruel cliffs are made still more cruel by huge rocks scattered about at a distance from the mainland, as if the shore were showing its teeth in warning to the mariner. Where this frowning front is broken occur bights and bays of exquisite beauty, with long reaches of tawny sand, which the waves lap lazily of a summer afternoon, or across which wild winds howl in the storm. It is a striking line of coast, full of fascination in itself to the lover of the picturesque; but more on every crowning summit stands a castle olden, looking seaward, with its hoary facades and battlemented towers—perhaps crumbling still slowly away, as it has been crumbling for centuries. At every lovely harbor is an Old World village, or a great town with clanking hammers, the one rich, and the other poor, but both dowered with those aspects of antiquity which are so dear to the eyes of the cultured American.

There are villages along this wild Welsh coast of an ancientness to be equalled hardly anywhere else in Britain—villages which in some cases have undergone little change of aspect during the past five hundred years. Remote from railroads, primitive in all their ways, they are of the Old World—olden. Time has hardly disturbed them since the days when London was a village too, with thatched roof and wind-lanes. In the caves and chasms hewed in the cliffs by the long rollers of the Atlantic thundering in a thousand storms, have been found traces of primeval man—his bones, his implements, the bones of the beasts he ate—in great abundance. The very land is older than the land of the English, Scotch, and Irish. Ages before the solid parts of earth on which the rest of Britain was built had risen above the wide waste of waters covering the world, this land, now called Wales, stood alone in its glory, an island by itself, where strange monsters dwelt, and mishapen birds and reptiles, wandering, left the tracks of their feet, which are found to-day in the solid rock where they were imprinted countless ages ago.

LORD MALMESBURY'S STORIES.

One day when Charles Lamb was playing at whist with his friend, Bazil Montagu, he said to him: "Bazil, if dirt was trumps, what hands you would hold!" Placed next this story is a saying of Sydney Smith, which is a good example of his style of humor, or drollery, as it is styled in the diary. Sydney Smith once said, apropos of some smart and dashing widow, "When Mrs. —— appears in the neighborhood the whole horizon is darkened with majors." If any reader is curious to see the well-known story of the Chief-Justice and the braying donkey put in a very concise form, he will find it set down under Sept. 18, 1854, and next it one almost as good and nearly so well known, of Lord Norbury and a lawyer named Parsons. These two were one day walking together when they came upon a gibbet. Lord Norbury pointed to it and said to Parsons: "Where would you be if we all had our deserts?" "Faith," said Parsons, "I should be travelling alone." O'Connell does not perhaps pay so large a part as might be expected as the author, of good things. One saying of his, however, is recorded, and it is worth quoting. Of a certain lady lieutenant, he remarked that "she had all the qualities of the kitchen poker without occasional warmth."

HOW TO CULTIVATE PEANUTS.

Any dry soil will answer. Let the ground be well pulverized, leaving an even surface. Get fresh nuts; break them out of the shell and plant, about the time of planting beans, two inches deep, in hills three feet apart, and the rows five feet apart. In order to have straight rows, use a line. Plant two kernels in a hill, but if both come up, transplant one of them without in any way disturbing the other. As soon as the plants are up, hoe and keep them clean. When they begin to run and show blossoms, cover the vines, blossoms and all with about an inch of earth, taken from between the rows. With good cultivation the vines grow fast, and must be covered, always leaving the tip of the runner just peeping out of the ground. As soon as the leaves are touched with frost dig the nuts, leaving them clinging to the vines. Now the nuts must be well dried. This can be done by hanging up the vines, or stripping them off and spreading them on the floor or any way so they will not mould. Keep them from rats or mice. In yield I have an average of over a quart to each plant. There are two varieties of peanuts, one called red and the other white. I would by all means prefer cultivating the white, because they stand first in market.

—Our black silk at 76cts, $1, $1.10 $1.25 are 40 per cent under value. Greatest bargain at Bee Hive.

Convinced.

Mr. U. G. King, foreman of the Leetonia Democrat, Leetonia, Ohio, writes: "Dr. S. B. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio, Gentlemen: Some time since, I had occasion to doubt the genuineness of most of the articles that appear in different papers in regard to your wonderful Peruna, and my curiosity was so great that I determined to write to one of the many people that claimed to have been cured by this medicine, and accordingly wrote to Mrs. J. W. Reynolds, of New Lisbon, this county, and received the following reply." "I received your letter this evening, and in reply would say that Peruna, I believe, saved my life, and I can not recommend it too highly; for all complaints it is the best medicine in existence. It seems to help you as you swallow it. I would advise any one suffering from my complaint to take Peruna and be convinced. Yours truly, Mrs. J. W. Reynolds." Now, that's her card, word for word, and as I am well acquainted with the lady, I do not believe she would lie. It is truly wonderful how your medicine does do good.

James L. Mooney, Prospect, Ohio, writes: "For the past ten years I have been suffering from constipation and dyspepsia, and all the evil effects that accompany them. I was treated by a number of doctors, all to no effect. I used several patent medicines, which did me no good, and about three years ago I was seized with a severe nervous trouble, and was obliged to quit farming. I thought my days would soon be over, but last winter I received one of your pamphlets called the "Ills of Life." I at once tried your Peruna and Manalin. They helped me right away. I used nine bottles of Peruna and three of Manalin, and now I am quite well, and able to resume farming. I also had a little child which was attacked with a severe cramp in the stomach; we thought it would go into spasms. I used nothing but Peruna. We gave it an injection of Peruna and warm water, and gave it a teaspoonful of the medicine internally every half hour. It was relieved in one hour, and has not been bothered since, I have also used it with as good effect in case of croup and colds. I know that it is a wonderful medicine, and recommend it to all who are in poor health. The above statement I am willing to swear to."

W. M. Plants, Deep Valley, Greene county, Pa., writes: "Please send me your book on the 'Ills of Life.' I have used one bottle of Peruna, and am greatly benefited."

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DR. SCOTT, 842 Broadway St., N.Y.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD TIME TABLE. IN EFFECT NOV. 17, 1884.
Daily Except Sunday.

Leave Westward.

	1	3	5	7	9
	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Montandon	5.50	9.20	10.20	1.45	5.55
Lewisburg, ar.	6.00	9.30	10.35	2.00	6.10
Lewisburg, lv.	7.25		10.35	2.15	
Fair Ground	7.30		10.40	2.20	
Biehl	7.40		10.51	2.30	
Vicksburg	7.45		11.00	2.36	
Mifflinburg	8.00ar.		11.20	2.50	
Mifflinburg, lv	8.09			3.00	
Milmont	8.22			3.28	
Laurelton	8.34			3.40	
Coburn	9.48			5.00	
Rising Spring	10.15			5.30	
Centre Hall	10.39				
Linden Hall	11.00 arrive				
Oak Hall	11.10 arrive				

Leave Eastward.

	2	4	6	8	10
		A.M.			P.M.
Oak Hall					1.00
Linden Hall					1.08
Centre Hall					1.28
Rising Spring		5.50			1.50
Coburn		6.18			2.20
Laurelton		7.30			3.40
Milmont		7.40			3.52
Mifflinburg.ar.		8.00	A.M.	P.M.	4.13
Mifflinburg,lv.		8.00		12.10	4.13
Vicksburg		8.15		12.26	4.28
Biehl		8.20		12.34	4.34
Fair Ground		8.30		12.45	4.45
Lewisburg, ar.	A.M	8.35		12.50	4.50
Lewisburg, lv.	5.25	8.55	10.00	1.05	5.25
Montandon	ar. 5 40	ar.9.10	ar.10.10	ar.1.20	ar.5.40

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 7.30 P. M., returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 7.50 P. M.

CHAS. F PUGH, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass'ger Ag't.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD—(Philadelphia and Erie Division)—on and after May, 11, 1884

WESTWARD.

ERIE MAIL leaves	Philadelphia	11 20 p m
" "	Harrisburg	3 30 a m
" "	Montandon	5 46 a m
" "	Williamsport	7 25 a m
" "	Jersey Shore	7 57 a m
" "	Lock Haven	8 25 a m
" "	Renovo	9 35 a m
arr at	Erie	6 00 p m
NEWS EXPRESS leaves	Philadelphia	4 30 a m
" "	Harrisburg	8 10 a m
" "	Montandon	10 12 a m
" "	Williamsport	11 45 a m
arr at	Lock Haven	12 20 p m
NIAGARA EXP. leaves	Philadelphia	7 40 a m
" "	Harrisburg	11 25 a m
" "	Montandon	1 32 a m
arr at	Williamsport	2 35 p m
" "	Lock Haven	3 55 p m
" "	Renovo	5 05 p m
" "	Kane	9 25 p m
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at		5 05 p m
FAST LINE leaves	Philadelphia	11 10 p m
" "	Harrisburg	3 25 p m
" "	Montandon	5 50 p m
" "	Williamsport	7 10 p m
" "	Lock Haven	8 05 p m
arr at	Renovo	9 15 p m
(Sunday Train.		
SUNDAY MAIL leaves	Philadelphia	4 30 a m
" "	Harrisburg	7 40 a m
" "	Montandon	9 37 a m
" "	Williamsport	10 49 a m
" "	Lock Haven	11 33 a m
arrives	Renovo	12 30 p m

EASTWARD.

SEA SHORE EXP. leaves	Lock Haven	7 00 a m
" "	Jersey Shore	7 29 a m
" "	Williamsport	8 10 a m
" "	Montandon	9 16 a m
arr at	Harrisburg	11 30 a m
" "	Philadelphia	3 15 p m
DAY EXPRESS leaves	Kane	6 00 a m
" "	Renovo	10 05 a m
" "	Lock Haven	11 15 a m
" "	Williamsport	12 35 p m
" "	Montandon	1 36 p m
arr at	Harrisburg	3 48 p m
" "	Philadelphia	7 25 p m
WMPT AC'N leaves	Renovo	3 40 p m
" "	Lock Haven	5 00 p m
" "	Williamsport	6 35 p m
" "	Montandon	7 49 p m
arrives at	Harrisburg	10 25 p m
" "	Philadelphia	3 05 a m
Sunday Train—Williamsport Accom'n East runs also on Sundry.		
ERIE MAIL leaves	Erie	2 20 p m
" "	Renovo	10 40 p m
" "	Lock Haven	11 45 p m
" "	Williamsport	1 00 a m
" "	Montandon	2 05 a m
arr at	Harrisburg	4 20 a m
" "	Philadelphia	7 50 a m

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with B. P. & W. R. R.; at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

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we will inaugurate an entire new system known as the

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1st—Merchandise bought on credit must eventually be paid for and as there are always more or less dead accounts the merchant is compelled to add at least 5 per cent. to the price of his stock to account for his loss.

2d—On account of not getting money down he must add another 5 per cent. to pay the interest on his borrowed money.

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You can add numerous reasons of your own and conclude by saying, "it is a golden idea for all," and in addition to the saving of 15, 20 or 25 per cent. on our goods we will be able to close the year free of debt.

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☞ We refer to the editor of this paper. eow

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HEARTS OF OLD.

Ye hearts of old, ye hearts of gold,
Companions in the morning sun,
To-night I pledge you as of old,
And pay the homage you have won.

Behind the northern clouds I see
Illuminations of the night;
So through dark years shine back to me
Your happy presences of light.

Who has the power to cheer the soul
Like those we knew when life was young,
When boyhood ran from goal to goal,
And the fields with laughter rung.

It was youth's ignorance of life
That made the days so smoothly glide;
And now, amid the clash and strife,
You, hearts of old, are deified!

Ye merry, merry hearts of old,
True mates within the dawning light,
Desire and fancy overbold
Bring you again with me to-night.

The echoes of the hillside sound
Your voices to your vales again;
There's cheering on the old play ground,
And skirmishing by hay and grain.

NAMING THE BABY.

"George Brannan, here is a note from Dr. Withers. He will be ready to christen the baby to-morrow at church. Alice will have her twins there, Mrs. Frechette will have Willie there, Mrs. Decker will have her baby. You will be there, and I, with dear little Puss; and Dr. Withers will say to you, Name this child,' and what in the world will you say?"

This was the welcome which George Brannan received as he came into the house, and met his wife equipped for a drive. She drew on her gloves, and walked out with him to the wagon. This serious matter must be settled this time.

What should the baby be named? It would seem easy enough to say that the father should name the boy-babies and the mother the girl-babies. But the Brannans had no such rule, nor would it have worked well if they had.

"If only that woman had not written that book I should name her Gwendolen."

"George, you have said that ten times! But the woman has written the book, and we cannot help it. Besides, it would be dreadful to go about the world named Gwendolen."

"Yes, she may not look as if she was named Gwendolen," said poor George, crest-fallen.

"Right you are, George," said his wife, who was too ready to pick up harmless slang. "That rules out a whole class of names--Rōse and Blanche, for she may not be either rosy or white; Pearl and Ruby will not do, and even Grace and Hope and Relief, and all names of attributes are bad. She will be graceful, of course, but one does not want to say so."

"And if you call her Polly, people will think of Polyglot," said poor George. "How many Christian names did you say there are?"

"I don't know; I wish I did. But there are more than three thousand Scripture names. Should not you think there were three thousand more—well —not Scripture?"

'Profane?" asked George.

"I do not like to say profane. Now, George is not profane—there was a Saint George."

"Yes, they say he was a beet-contractor. George means farmer! We might call her Georginia."

'Only then she would mix up badly with our George, and he is so big. No, we will not call her Georgina."

"Hepzibah?" suggested George for the hundredth time.

"Grandma herself does not want the child named for her," replied his wife firmly. "I asked her."

"It should be Hephzibah," said George. "Perhaps grandmamma would like that better. It means 'my delight is in her,' and that is just what you want to say."

"That is true, that is true. But you see nobody understands that; and they would be sure to shorten it to Hepsy."

"Hepsy is very pretty. I should call her Hepsy myself. If you only remembered Hepsy Sul—

"My poor George! She would not be called Hepsy only—she would be written Hepsie, with *ie*.

"Better she should be seized by corsairs at Long Branch! Whatever else happens, it shall be impossible to have an *ie* at the end of her name."

It is almost impossible for us to continue the conversation in its heartrending details. So wretched is the fate of a child handicapped with the wrong name that these parents were wise to struggle with the question, even in agony. They returned from their drive with the question wholly undecided.

They renewed the discussion at tea, with the help of Nahum and Gerald, Evelyn and Berenice. "Two Scripture names," said George sadly, as he greeted them; "and too—well not profane, but—but chivalrous."

"The trouble with a Scripture name," said Nahum, "is that no one knows its meaning."

"I do not think anybody knows the meaning of Gerald," said his cousin.

"Oh, yes! Gerald it must be Saxon; Gere, hold, a phrase in falconry, from 'him who holds the ger-hawk.'"

"Holds the fiddlestick!" said Gerald, laughing. "Begin at the beginning; choose the name from the sound and the association, not the meaning."

"George Philips named his baby from their successful flight from Babel. He called London Babel."

"What did he name her?"

"She was a he. He named the boy Zerrubbabel, which means 'one who has left Babel behind him."

Julia shuddered. "Poor little thing! Dreadful that a little, gentle, pink baby should be named Zerrubbabel. Did he die of it?"

"Not much, I think. I believe he is Wendell's ancestor. But we cannot name Puss Zerrubbabel. She is a girl, and cannot call her Maher-shalal hashbaz."

"George you should not say any such dreadful things. If you do I will go to church early; and take Gerald for a godfather. You shall come too late."

'Let me begin then," he said penitently.

"Alice?"

The comments were various. A perfect name, but too many just now. One associates it with Alice Green or Alice Jones.

"And why should we?"

"True enough. But why not? Well, Clara, then?"

"Well, I thought of Clara. It is a little grand. I like Clare."

"Dorothea?"

"No. They would make that into Dollie, with an *ie*."

And all these nice people trembled again.

"Evangeline? Mr. Longfellow invented that name. He told me so himself."

"There never will be but one Evangeline."

"Fausta?"

"Too grand. Sort of Roman."

"Gertrude?"

"Simply perfect. The least bit too perfect."

"Harriet?"

"Perfect, if they could not make it into Hatt*ie*."

A general groan and shudder.

"Imogen?"

"Perfect also. But is it not too perfect, also?"

"Perhaps. Well, then, Jessica?"

"Perfect, but Jessey could also be spelled—"

"Katharine?"

"Perfect, and Kate for short."

"Mary?"

"Perfect, but for Moll*ie*.

"Well, then, Miriam?"

"Miriam is simply perfect."

"Nathalie? Now that is a legitimate *ie*."

"Yes, Nathalie is perfection."

"Olive?"

"Perfect. And do you remember Olive E—?"

"I will not have names judged by people. This child is white paper."

"Pauline?"

"Yes, and Pauline—is so handsome and so good."

"Hush! You are trespassing."

"Rachel?"

"Perfect again."

"Susan?"

"Admirable but for the *ie in posse*.

"Thyrza?"

"No; it is poky."

"Well, Wilhelmina?" Just remember that pretty Willie S——, who married——"

"Who is bringing in personalities now? Still Wilhelmina is a good name."

"Ydolem?"

"You goose! that is not a name. It is the name of a tune."

"Fiddlesticks? It is only the word melody backward."

"And I suppose," said the mortified George, "that you will not let me have Xantippe, either with an X or a Z? Socrates spelled it each way, and never liked it."

"Beware lest I try an experiment in that line."

Gerald had been keeping the tally.

"Here are ten perfect names," he said, without any exception: Clara, Gertrude, Imogen, Katharine, Miriam, Nathalie, Olive, Pauline, Rachel, Wilhelmina. To which I should like to add Julia," he said, bowing to the hostess.

"And you have left out Berenice," said Nahum, bowing also.

"No," said Berenice Hobbs, who was the lady thus referred to: "the name is a good name in itself, but the girls will call you Berry. Let me, if I am to suggest, substitute Beatrice."

"Then there are Ruth and Lucretia, and Emily and Ellen."

"I knew a girl who spelled it Emil*ie*."

"But she was a French girl and had a right to."

These sixteen names were then written on different lines by Gerald, who then cut the paper into sixteen strips. With the strips they went into the drawing-room With no light but that from the front door they shuffled them; and then Gerald threw the slips all on the table. Julia, with a certain terror, seized one and ran back with it to the tea table.

"Wilhelmina."

A pause.

"Whatever else the child is named," said George, as they all gathered around the drawing room fire, "she shall not be named Wilhelmina."

"I am so glad you say so," said Julia. "I seemed not to care till that lot was drawn."

"It is not as if there were no other names. Did you not say there were seven thousand, and this is beside family names? Now, we might name her from your grandfather or mine, Leicester, or Noble, or—"

"George, be still. It is bad enough to choose from seven thousand. From seven million I will not choose. Gerald, would you be kind enough to bring the other slips of paper from the breakfast-room? They lie by my plate."

Gerald brought them. Julia threw more than half in the fire."

She gave one to each of the others, and reserved one. There was only one slip left, which she rolled into a little ball and threw into a scrap-jar.

Berenice read her slip: "Gertrude." A dead pause.

The pause became painful. Nahum smiled sarcastically.

Gerald paused.

George looked at the chandelier.

The pause became intolerable. "She shall not be named Gertrude. I shall always feel as if I were sitting in the castle of Otranto, and Mrs. Radcliffe held a dagger at my side."

"I am so glad you say so," said Berenice.

They all had their papers still.

"Nahum," said George, "you shall name this child."

"I saw a very pretty silver cup at Tiffany's yesterday. It is in the second case in the third division, on the north side. You might speak to Mr. Cotting. He will remember me."

"Nahum nodded. He read the fatal paper: "Imogen."

"Never!" screamed Julia. "A child of mine named Imogen, and acting stage plays badly at the tail of a cart in Cranberry Centre before she is fifteen. It shall not be Imogen."

"I thought so;" said Nahum. "I hoped for Ruth. It is much prettier on the cup."

Gerald read his slip: "Clara."

A slight murmur of assent. "A ministering angel there," said be.

"Yes," said Julia, meditating, "and that reminds me that we might have put in Constance, and we certainly should have put in Florence."

"Shall we begin again?"

But no one seemed disposed to begin again.

"I think we will not call her Clara," said Julia, with resolution. "Her complexion may not be clear, though now it is perfectly transparent."

"Evelyn, it is your turn. I should name her for you, love, but it would be such a bother to have two Evelyns about all the time."

"It is a nice name," said Evelyn, "I can tell you that." And Nahum Chesnelong looked as if he thought so too. Evelyn read her paper: "Rachel."

"Rachel is good. I like Rachel. I like Leah. Let us put it to vote. Here are red counters. Here are white. All who vote for Rachel will drop white into this vase as they pass by. All who vote against it will drop in red."

So all rose from their comfortable sleepy hollows and voted. There were six red counters.

"Then she must be named Leah."

"George, take care how you talk nonsense. Remember, I may have the carriage early and take Gerald to church with me. You can never arrive in time on foot."

"Can you forbid the banns at a christening?" said the incorrigible George. "This is certain, that at the last moment the decision is mine in our happy Congregational forms. It was for this, as the parson says, that Winslow and Winthrop and Dudley crossed the ocean and settled in a wilderness, that they might name their own babies with never a Romish sponsor between. Meanwhile look at your own paper."

And Julia looked and read: "Nathalie."

"No," she said a little crisply, "I will not name her Nathalie, unless we go to live in Normandie."

"Then, after all," said George, "the lot is in my hands." And he read with triumph:

Julia."

"I said so—I said so from the beginning. It was only under fire that I fell back on Hepzibah, 'my delight is in her.'" And he kissed his wife in victory.

'George, I am perfectly ashamed of you! Gerald, Nahum, Evelyn—all of you. would you sink into Old Julia before you were twenty five? Old Julia and Young Julia, Big Julia and Little Julia—I think so, indeed!"

"Then the child will have no name," said George, ruefully, after another long pause. "Well, there is no need of a name. She has had no name for six weeks. Girls had no names in Rome. They were only numbered. It was Julia prima, Julia secunda—that was the way my grandmother was named Octavia. Puss will have to look out for number one, that is all."

This suggestion, which sent the poor child out into the world, like a deficient bit of sheeting on which the manufacturer would not put any name, naturally depressed the little company.

Nahum, who was always sympathetic, felt tenderly for his cousin Julia. After they had sat a minute in silence he said, hardly above his breath: "There is one chance more."

"I do not see that," said George.

"Nor I," said Julia.

"Yes," said Nahum and Evelyn at once. They had the same thought, and she pointed at the Japanese vase into which Julia had thrown a little, despised and ignoble wad of crumpled paper.

"True," said Julia, "our safety is there." She flew to the vase. She upset it on the floor. Old spools, stems of roses, half-burned alumettes rolled out upon the carpet. From the rest separated itself the little sphere of crumpled paper.

She carried it to the chandelier.

She unrolled it trembling.

She held it to the light.

"*Olive*," she cried.

"Olive!" "Olive!" "Olive!" The air echoed applause.

"Olive it shall be!" And then they all went to the theatre and saw Ellen Terry in "Twelfth-Night."

As they rode to the church the next morning with Mrs. Snow, the nurse, and the baby done up in cotton wool, Julia said to George: "Do not forget at the last moment, darling. It would be dreadful if, after all, she were Hepzibah!"

Horned Toads.

A man living up at Willow Creek canyon was in town not long ago, for grub and told the reporter a queer yarn. He prefaced his story by saying that he always keeps a supply of whisky on hand as a remedy in case of rattlesnake, scorpion, centipede or tarantula bites. He has several times of late been annoyed by coming home from his work any night and finding the demijohn lying broken on the floor and whisky wasted. Thinking it the result of accident he kept sending to town for more demijohns so often that this merchant began to suspect him of taking to hard drinking, and all this was particularly regretted from the fact that he has always been known as a steady, temperate, hard working man. Last Wednesday, not feeling very well, he took a lay off, and was lying reading in bed, when, hearing a noise, he looked around and was astonished to see a regular army of horned toads, of all ages and sizes, coming through a crack under the door. Having a curiosity to see what they were after he did not disturb them, but waited for developements. The one appearing to have command of the foraging party went straight to a convenient chair, from which she climbed up the window casing, and thence to the shelf where the whisky was kept. Finding a new demijohn, he signaled to his companions, and about a dozen of the largest went to his assistance. Gradually crowding themselves between the top of the demijohn and the wall, they managed to tip it from the bottom, when it was but an easy matter to send it crashing to the floor. Then ensued a scene indescribable. The whole mob came tumbling over one another to the spilled whisky, and eagerly drank what did not run through the cracks in the floor. In about 10 minutes there were in the neighborhood of 100 horned toads as drunk as drunk could be and having more fun than a circus. After laughing himself well, he rose to drive the topers out, and looking through the cracks in the floor, saw another army under the house as drunk from the leakings as those in the house. He says while he had a whole lot of amusement it was at the expense of both his pocket and reputation, and he has put a lashing around the demijohn and stopped up the cracks in the cabin

Death of a Great Indian Prince.

The death is announced, at the early age of 25, of the Maharana of Udaipur or Mewar, a chief who, if he did not rank as one of the great feudatories of the Indian Empire, had the distinction of being the head of the house which is universally admitted to be the oldest and purest among Rajpoot princely families, the origin of which is lost in antiquity, which is the only Indian dynasty that has held its present territory for eight centuries, and boasts that it alone of Rajpoot families refused to give its daughters in marriage to the Mogul Emperors. The deceased Prince succeeded about ten years ago. He is described as a young man of great promise. One of the most notable events in his short life was that he succeeded in putting an end to the historical feud between the two great Rajpoot houses—Udaipur and Jodhpore. The news of his death appears to have been received with great regret throughout Rajpootana.

Not by the Poor only.

Hard times are complained of in England as well as here and not by the poor only. The large middle class, who are respectable members of society, who pay their way, and some of whom belong to what are conventionally called the upper circles, are suffering too. Yet says the London *Figaro*, they eat cold meat for dinner three times a week, consider poultry a luxury, and check the baker's bill with scrupulous care. They wear garments that have ceased to retain the gloss of early days, and, like the Lord Chief Justice, though for different reasons, they only order a fire to be lighted in the drawing-room when visitors are expected.

It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take disease one of another; therefore let them take heed of their company.

Truth—the open, bold, honest truth—is always the wisest, always the safest, for anyone in any and all circumstances.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

—Elizabeth Bony, 96 years of age, on the 16th barred the doors and windows of her house, near, Falmouth, Kentucky, set fire to the building and perished in the flames.

—A mysterious looking package was on the 17th picked up on a street bridge in Dover, New Hampshire, near the Cocheco Mill No. 5. It was taken to the police station and found to contain dynamite, with a fuse attached. The package was thrown into the river.

—A telegram from the City of Mexico says: "There being fears that the Mormons in Utah are negotiating for the purchase of land in the State of Sonora, in order to transfer their entire colony there, the Federal Government has asked for information on the subject from the Governor of Sonora. It is said that Mormon agents are already in Mexico. Public opinion is strongly against receiving such a sect, and every measure will be taken to prevent their entrance."

—The wife of John Young, living near Elizabethton, Tennesee, locked her two children in the house on the 15th, and went on a visit. When she returned the house and children were burned.

—The municipal elections in Pittsburg and Allegheny City, on the 17th, resulted in about the usual Republican majorities. The Republicans will have fifty majority in the Allegheny City Council and fifty-eight majority in the Pittsburg Council.

—The State Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic of Illinois, in session at Peoria, on the 18th, adopted a resolution urging the passage by Congress of the Edmunds bill to place General Grant on the retired list.

—The President observed Ash Wednesday in Washington, on the 18th, by attending service in St. John's Protestant Episcopal Church in the morning and receiving no visitors during the day. Stephen B. French and daughter, of New York, are guests at the White House.

—Captain Joseph Mifflin died on the 18th, in Shippensburg, Penna. He was a direct decendant of ex-Governor Mifflin. In various times he had been engaged as a civil engineer on the Pennsylvania and other railroads.

—It is reported that a Chinese prisoner in the jail at Portland, Oregon, has been found to be afflicted with the Oriental leprosy in an advanced stage. He has been isolated.

—Judge Fanning, of Elliot County, Kentucky, was killed, on the 18th, by a train, while crossing a bridge on the Little Sandy river.

—Lake Michigan is reported to be frozen entirely across to a depth of from two to three feet. The propeller Michigan, missing for ten days, was heard from on the 18th. She is surrounded by thick ice, seven miles from shore, at a point twenty miles south of Grand Haven. Seventeen of her crew walked ashore in order to save provisions.

—The snow blockade was raised on the 18th on the railroads centering at Troy, New York. The weather throughout the West and Northwest moderated greatly during the 18th.

—A prominent railroad official in Chicago estimates the loss to all the Western railroads by the storms of this month at from two to three millions of dollars.

—A number of miners were recently discharged from the coal mines at Pocahontas, Tazewell county, Virginia. Since then several persons have been fired upon in the night, and a negro policeman was killed a few days ago. Several persons, including a mine boss, have been ordered to leave the town under penalty of death. The citizens have subscribed money for the equipment of the police force.

—The State Board of Pardons, at Harrisburg, on the 18th, refused to grant a rehearing in the case of Dr. Albert Goerson, the wife poisoner, whose execution is to take place on March 5.

Pennsylvania Legislature.

SENATE.

At roll call in the Senate, on the 13th a bare quorum was present, and at no period of the session did the attendance exceed thirty-one members. Mr. Macfarlane's bill prohibiting the establishment of places for the smoking of opium was passed finally—yeas, 31; nays, none. Mr. McNeill, from the Apportionment Committee, reported, with ammendments, the McCracken Congressional apportionment of last sesson. A bill was presented supplemental to the act of 1881, relating to writs of quo warranto and mandamus. [It authorizes the issuing of such writs against the Insurance Commission in addition to the other officers mentioned in the act of 1881.] Referred to the Committee on Judiciary General. After some other business the Senate adjourned.

In the Senate on the evening of the 18th, Mr. Boggs introduced a bill to regulate the operation of telegraph companies doing business in this Commonwealth, in accordance with section xii of the Constitution. [It prohibits a greater rate for transmission within the State than the minimum rate or rates to any point beyond the boundaries of the State, and also prohibits any discount, rebate or drawback. Referred to the Judiciary General. On motion of Mr. McNeill, the Congressional Appointment bill was recommitted to Committee to accommodate parties desiring a hearing upon it. Eight bills were read for the first time, and the Senate adjourned until the 19th.

HOUSE.

In the House on the 13th, numerous Bills were reported from Committees, and Mr. Farber, of Lackawanna, offered a resolution for a committee to draft and report appropriate resolutions on the death of Nicholas Northrup, the member from Lackawanna county, who died suddenly at his home on the 13th, directing the desk of the diecased to be draped in morning for thirty days, and that a committee of nine attend the funeral. The resolution was adopted and the Chair appointed Messrs Farber Williams, Gilroy, True, Ressegure, Sweeney, Durkin, Hughes and Lee as the Committee. On motion of Mr. Sweeney, of Luzerne, the House adjourned out of respect to the memory of the diecased.

In the House on the 18th, Mr. Brown, of Erie, introduced a bill providing that the Governor, State Treasurer, Auditor General, one Senator, two Representatives, and three honorably discharged soldiers (the latter to be appointed by the Department Commander of the Pennsylvania Grand Army of the Republic), be appointed a commission to locate and establish a home for disabled and indigent soldiers and sailors. [An appropriation of $65,000 is asked.]

The bill to prevent the acquisition of rights of way by users across lands belonging to universities and colleges caused considerable discussion. Mr. Crawford, of Philadelphia, thought the bill was designed as an interference with the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, and that it would prevent the company from running its contemplated line to Philadelphia. He offered an amendment to exclude railroad companies from the benefits of the bill, but subsequently withdrew this and offered another prohibiting the bill from applying to cities of the first-class. Defeated. Yeas 40, nays 105, Mr. Crawford then renewed his motion that the bill should not apply to railroad companies. Not agreed to—yeas 39, nays 98. The bill then passed second reading. Adjourned.

FORTY-EIGHTH CONGRESS—

SECOND SESSION.

SENATE.

In the U. S. Senate, on the 14th, the Agricultural Appropriation bill was reported with amendments and placed on the calendar. The bill to quiet the title of the Des Moines river settlers and the Indian Appropriation bill were considered. After an executive session the Senate adjourned.

In the U. S. Senate on the 16th, Mr. Sawyer, from the Committee on Post-offices, reported favorably a "subsidy clause," proposed by Mr. Frye, to the Post-office Appropriation bill. The credentials of Henry M. Teller, Senator-elect from Colorado, were read and filed. After an executive session the Senate adjourned.

In the U. S. Senate, on the 17th, the Des Moines River Lands Settlers' Titles bill was considered. A Motion to postpone it indefinitely was lost—yeas 27, nays 28—and it went over as unfinished business. A conference report on the District of Columbia Appropriation bill was agreed to. The Anti-Foreign Contract Labor bill was discussed. A motion by Mr. Bayard to strike out the third section, which imposes a penalty of $1,000 for violation of the act, was lost—yeas 12, nays 40. Pending consideration of the bill the Senate adjourned.

In the U. S. Sonate, on the 18th, Mr. Lapham continued a speech began by him on the 16th on the Des Moines river lands titles bill. The Anti-Foreign Contract Labor bill was passed—yeas 50, nays 9. The nays were Messrs. Butler, Groome, Hampton, Hawley, Maxey, Morgan, Saulsbury, Vance and Williams. The bill goes back to the House for concurrence in Senate amendments. The credentials of re-election of Mr. Vance, of North Carolina, were presented, read and filed. After an executive session the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE

In the House, on the 14th the bill granting a pension of $2,000 to the widow of General George H. Thomas was passed—143 to 52. The River and Harbor bill was considered, and the Post-office Appropriation bill was passed, with an amendment increasing to $4,535,000 the item for the letter carrier service. The action of the Committee of the Whole, striking out the clause granting additional compensation to American steamships for carrying the mails, was sustained by a vote of 129 to 113. Pending consideration of the Legislative Appropriation bill the Senate adjourned.

In the House on the 15th, a number of bills were introduced under the call of States and referred. Mr. Slocum, of New York, under instructions from the Committee on Military Affairs, moved to suspend the rules and pass the Senate bill for the retirement of General Grant. After debate the motion was lost—yeas, 158; nays, 103—for want of the necessary two-thirds vote in the affirmative. A bill was reported and passed regulating the letting of mail contracts. The rules were suspended and a bill was passed appropriating $200,000 for the erection in Washington of a building for the library of the Medical Department of the army. A bill was reported creating the office of Assistant Chief Signal Officer. It was referred to the Committee of the Whole and the House adjourned.

In the House, on the 17th, Mr. English, of Indiana, from the Committee having the matter in charge, reported back adversely the bill for the appointment of a commission on the alcoholic liquor traffic. The joint resolution giving notice to Germany of the intention of the United States to terminate the treaty of 1868 was reported from the Committee on Foreign Affairs and placed on the calendar. A resolution was reported from the Commitee on Public Health, recommending an appropriation of $500,000 to be expended in preventing the introduction into the United States of the Asiatic cholera. The Legislative Appropriation bill was passed, and the House took a recess.

In the House, on the 18th, the River and Harbor bill was considered in Committee of the Whole. Mr. Elliott, of Pennsylvania, from the Committee on Elections, submitted a report on the Missouri contested election case of McLean vs. Broadhead, accompanied by a resolution confirming the right of the sitting member, Mr. Broadhead, to the seat. It was laid over. The morning hour having been dispensed with, Mr. Hutchins, of New York, moved to go into Committee of the Whole on the Naval Appropriation bill. The motion was lost—yeas 102, nays 129—and the River and Harbor bill was resumed. Pending consideration of the bill the House adjourned.

GOOD NIGHT.

Good night!
Landward, the sun has set behind the hills,
Bathing the skies with gold;
Seaward the white-capped wavelets ebb and flow,
Each tip with silver rolled
Beneath the moon, and shiver in its glow
Good night!

Good night!
A dreamy languor fills the silent air,
Surcease of care and strife,
As fades the day with all its duties o'er,
And schemes with memories rife,
Of friends who once though dear, are so no more.
Good night!

Good night!
The shadows of departed day are past,
The stars shine out and gleam
Upon the moonlit sea—the silent earth
The quiet habitations, as they seem
Like us, to wait the coming morrow's birth.
Good night!

A TERRIBLE NIGHT.

It was in 1844, a stifling hot summer-day, when I decided to accept Balzac's invitation to visit him at his fantastic house in the Rue Basse, at Passy. It was half-past seven when I entered the dining-room, where Balzac was finishing his dinner. Opposite him was seated a man with a bovine countenance, intellectual forehead and animal lower face, solid, perplexing and of an unusual character. His hair, now gray, gave evidences of having once been red; his eyes, once blue, were now a wintry gray. His whole person was complex, rude but subtle.

Taking up a great hot-house peach as he spoke, Balzac said:

"Let me introduce Monsieur Vidocq."

At this name famous in police annals, I remembered Balzac's detective character, "Vautrin." Balzac held in high esteem men of Vidocq's profession and reputation—spies upon families and upon the public safety. He admired the divination of the subtle minds that have a sixth sense for following on the track of a criminal with the slightest clew, with no clew at all—men seized with a nervous trembling, like the hydroscope on the rock which covers a water-spring a hundred feet below the surface of the ground. They cry out: "The crime is there. Dig for it, it is there!"

Balzac arrogated a good deal of this rare intuition to himself. And, indeed, he possessed it, but made use of it to track the passions to the heart, where crimes are prepared before they enter the world of reality to become the prey of police genius.

"You take a great deal of pains, Monsieur de Balzac," said Vidocq, apropos of nothing, "to invent stories out of your imagination when reality is right at your elbow."

"Do you still believe in reality?" said Balzac. "I should not have thought you so fresh. Let me tell you about the real. We novelists make it. You see this fine peach? I call that the real peach. Nature's peach that grows wild, the one you would probably call real, is small, sour, impossible to eat. The one I hold is the result of a hundred years of cultivation, studies in pruning, in soil, in grafting; we eat it, and our palate, and our heart are made glad. Such as it is, we may say we made that peach. Same process in my writing. I create a reality in my novels as the orchardist creates it in his peaches. I am a book-gardener. Every time a man has come to me with: "I have a superb subject for a novel for you, Balzac,' when I came to examine into it I never found anything worth while. If there was a dramatic event, the details, which are everything, were completely lacking; on the other hand, when there were crisp, juicy details, there was no central event. Same old peach simile. A story is made—it doesn't grow."

"I am going to tell you a story that I have just been reminded of," said Vidocq, "and you shall tell me at the end whether the completeness of it doesn't refute your theory. I was on duty one night, about ten years ago, at the police headquarters, and it was a freezing winter night. My colleagues and I were round a white-hot stove, roasting chestnuts, and momentarily expecting a call from the prefect. It was nearly one o'clock at night, when I saw two wavering shadowy objects pass the glass door of the waiting-room. I opened the door, saw two women, and asked them where they were going. The lady—for it was easy to see that the two were mistress and maid—replied shortly, and without looking at me, that she wished to speak to the prefect. She was in ball costume, but just the way she was dressed perplexed me. The flowers in her hair looked as if they had been thrown there, her hair itself was disordered, and under her rouge—for she was rouged, though she was extremely young and pretty—she was deathly pale. I thought she must be mad, or temporarily beside herself, for she had a kid boot on on foot and a white satin slipper on the other.

"Just as I was going to tell her that it was impossible to see the prefect at that hour, the guard opened the door of the ante-chamber and let her in. This left the maid on the staircase. I asked her to come into the room with my men, where the stove was. She consented. Although not as temptuously dressed as her mistress, she was quite as demoralized. Her trembling was not all due to the cold. I have studied all sorts of emotions, and hers was fright. She was in such terror that it was contagious. I never saw such fear in my life—it was ghastly; and yet I could see that she was a woman of firm commanding character. Although I had given her a seat by the stove, she jumped up every minute and went to the window, where she would rub off the fog from the pane with her half-gloved hand and look out. Once I looked out over her shoulder. I saw that she was looking at the carriage she had come in, and it was not a hired conveyance of any kind, but the rich and solid establishment that belongs to a great house, fine horses, crystal lamps and all. I heard the maid murmur, with an indefinable accent of relief, 'He's asleep,' but whether it referred to the coachman or some one inside the carriage I could not possibly make out.

"Now, what was going on in the Prefect's room all this time? This:

"The Prefect after a hard day's work, had given orders that he was not to be awakened till daylight—and his word was law. Hearing this from the guard, the lady asked when the Prefect might be seen. She was told at eight o'clock in the morning. The lady wrung her hands and sprang impetuously toward the Prefect's door, but met the iron arm of the guard—Papa Caron was his name—and much amazed he was at the vigor of the assault from such a delicate antagonist. The more the lady begged, the more Papa Caron said it would be ruin and loss of place for him to wake the Prefect when the Prefect said he was not to be waked.

"'What compensation will make that ruin good to you?' cried the lady, excited to frenzy. 'Will this? Will this?' And as she spoke she undid, or rather burst with one wrench, the heavy pearl necklace she wore, took off her diamond bracelets with the same violence, put them all pellmell into the astonished guard's hands, and said: 'Now go!'

Twenty thousand francs in pearls and diamonds were too much for the guard, yet he went reluctantly, for the Prefect had the irritable nerves of a man exposed fifteen hours out of the twenty-four to the complaints and petitions and demands for justice of the public. His awakenining was a terrible affair. Once more Papa Caron returned to the lady with "Impossible" for an answer. This time she promised him on her honor and with the simple air of one speaking the truth that she would get him a pension of four thousand francs, to be continued to his family after his death if any punishment fell upon him for urging her suit with the leonine Prefect. This time she sent in her name in a sealed envelope. The Prefect read it and leaped a foot.

"'Show her into my private office while I dress!' he said.

"It was the beautiful Countess Helene de B——, a star of the citizen court, a star of the first magnitude, one of the great ladies of the reign of Louis Philippe's reign, one of those who carried the life and death of Cabinets in the folds of their sweeping trains.

"Of course the Prefect attempted to veil his astonishment under abject apologies for having kept her waiting, but she did not allow him to finish his first sentence. She began to speak herself, a bluish pallor creeping about her lips.

"'A great misfortune has happened to me,' she murmured in a stifled voice; 'you cannot imagine what it is.' She stopped gasping for breath, then, with a violent effort at self-control, she repeated, eagerly: 'You will save me! You will save me! You will save me!" and rushed to the window, but as the office looked out on a different street from the waiting-room, she did not see the carriage and uttered a piercing scream. The Prefect's explanation calmed her, and she recommenced her story with the same painful interruptions as before:

"'My husband, whom you know, has been absent eight days in Bordeaux on business connected with a disputed will.' All Paris knew this, and the Prefect also; he nodded, and the Countess continued, in a hollow and distressed voice, that during his absence she had been called upon by a person—a young man, she added with an effort—whose acquaintance she had made at the Austrian Embassy. She reproached herself for imprudence in receiving him at such a time, because the Count, her husband, was of a jealous disposition, and had already noticed the young Hungarian's attentions.

"'He was a Hungarian officer,' she said parenthetically, always speaking of him in the past, which considerably bewildered the Prefect. Although she had not encouraged his visits, she continued, he persisted in calling on her more frequently in her husband's absence than before. At last he insisted on leaving the opera with her, accompanying her home, and coming in to chat a few moments. This had all been wrong, because the world might have censured the proceeding, and because a frightful occurrence had been the result of the fatal weakness. She had a letter from her husband the day before, setting his return from Bordeaux for the following night, at three o'clock in the morning—the morning following that very night of which she, Countess Helene de B——, was passing the latter half at the police headquarters.

"'I see, said the Prefect gravely; 'your husband returned, surprised the Hungarian officer in your parlor, his jealousy was aroused, and you have flown to tell of some crime, or to warn me of an impending duel?"

"'My husband has not come yet,' said the Countess; 'his train gets in at three, and it is not two o'clock yet.'

"'Then no one is wounded; no one dead?' cried the Prefect.

"She came close to him and whispered with rigid lips: 'There is a dead man in my carriage, down stairs. M. de Karlsen, the Hungarian officer, while calling upon me this evening after the opera, died in my parlor, and his corpse is in my carriage.'

"'Murdered?' cried the Prefect.

"'No; struck down by an apoplectic stroke as he sat by my side. Is it not horrible that when I long to grieve for a dead friend I must only think of my reputation and a censorious world? Now, help me. There is a dead man in my carriage! What shall I do? You must have a thousand resources,' said the Countess, mingling the authority of the woman who commands with the authority of the woman who implores.

"'Many resources, but nothing for just this case,' said the Prefect, who, however, was longing to aid the poor lady, who was enduring tortures with super-human courage. He rang the bell, saying as he did so: 'There is but one man in Paris who can deliver you from this delicate position. Are you willing that he should make a third in our counsels?'

"'If you answer for his discretion,' said the Countess.

"I was the man," said Vidocq, pausing magnificently. 'When I answered the bell, he continued, "the Prefect told me the story, concluding with the words: 'Vidocq, you must get rid of the body.'

"'What do you say to having the body found at daybreak on the highway, wounded in two or three places? He is found, his purse and valuables are gone, he has been murdered by robbers. Grand commotion for twenty-four hours. Investigation by the police—fruitless—eight days afterward every thing forgotten.'

"Enough!' cried the Countess, who had hidden her face in her convulsed hands. 'No stabs on that body! I will not have it! No!'

"'Then how would it be if the body should disappear from the world as if it had never existed?' said I.

"'Never to be found again?"

"'Never.'

"'No, burial, then?'

"'I'm afraid not.'

"'Just how would you make it disappear?'

"'Oh, madam, don't try to know'

"'I will not hear of your second plan either,' said the Countess, decidedly.

"'Madam,' said I, 'I have but one more plan; but to carry that out I must know how many of your people know of this young man's visit to you this evening.'

"'Only Honorine, my maid,' said the Countess earnestly. 'It was like 'this; Monsier de Karlsen was telling me an amusing story; he was laughing very heartily; I had turned my head away, but noticed that his laughter had ceased suddenly. Seconds passed by. Astonished at the transition from exaggerated gayety to profound silence, I turned, rose from my arm-chair and approached the sofa, where he was sitting. His face was horribly distorted. I discovered that he was dead. I shrieked and fell. See, I cut my forehead. Honorine came running in, revived me, reminded me that my husband was but a few hours from Paris, and that something must be done. She thought of the Prefect, and arranged everything with immense presence of mind. Every one was asleep. We two carried the body down into the court, opened the carriage-house and put the dead man in the carriage, then woke up the coachman and told him to drive us to the corner of the Rue de la Sainte-Chapelle. He is a good German, has only been in Paris a month, and is not inquisitive. He got the carriage out of the carriage house and harnessed up. Meantime I went to get on a ball dress, in case I should find my husband home on my return, Honorine devising where I should say I had been. I had to dress alone, Honorine had to be with the coachman to see that he did not open the carriage-door. What a toilet I made! Only here I discovered that I had on one kid boot and one satin slipper. I crept down stairs. All was in readiness. Honorine and I got into the carriage and *we three* came here together.'

"That was the story she told. It made the chills run over me.

"'Madam,' said I, 'just one thing more. Where does M. de Karlsen live?'

"She gave me the street and number.

"'Now,' said I, 'I promise you that without wounds, without mysterious disappearances, and without compromising you in the least, the remains of M. de Karlsen shall be at his home in his room, and in his friends' hands, in about a quarter of an hour. Your story has inspired me with the idea of the means to employ.'

"'Ah, what gratitude of mine can ever be so great as the service you are doing me!' she murmured, wringing my hand. It was the proudest moment of my life."

Vidocq passed his hand over his eyes.

"Take some cognac," said Balzac.

"No," said Vidocq, "later. Just now I do not need anything." He continued his story:

"There was no time to lose. The Countess promised the royal favor to the Prefect, and we left the private office. We went down stairs and stopped for the maid who had been left in the waiting-room,

"'Everything is going well, Honorine,' murmured the Countess; 'but courage for all is not over yet.'

"Decidedly all was not over! I signaled to one of the inspectors to join us, and, telling him the whole story in a few words, told him, also, what we would do if the Countess' coachman was still asleep—we would take the body out of the carriage. As we crept down the street we got a bad fright from hearing some one singing a rude song, but it turned out not to be the coachman, who slept peacefully on.

"'Run and tell the ladies they may come,' said I to my colleague, who departed while I lifted out the body. He was a magnificent man—five feet eight or nine, splendid torso, beautifully dressed. I laid him in the shadow of the parapet which guards the Quai des Orfevres. I saw the two poor women coming. The agent and I had to literally lift them into the carriage. Their furtive looks around for it were distressing.

"'No violence!' repeated the Countess for the last time. I banged the door of the carriage, swore lustily at the sleeping coachman that his mistress had been ready to start for the past quarter of an hour, and away they whirled to the Rue Bellechasse.

"The agent and I went back to the place where I had laid the body of M. de Karlsen. We picked it up between us, our arms around it, and staggered off like two drunkards supporting a third. We went to Pont Neuf—a central point where no one can tell where the man he meets there came from. Of course it was of the first importance that no one should be able to guess where M. de Karleson had passed the night. It was a short walk to get there, but I would not take it again under the same conditions for a good deal. Once opposite the Place Dauphine, we waited for a cab to pass by. As soon as one drew near we began to sing a drinking song and gabble as German a gibberish as we could muster, staggering about with our ghastly burden.

"'Hullo, coachman,' said I, when the cab came up, 'will you accept a fare? We have neither the time nor the steady legs to get our friend home.' Without waiting for the Jehu's answer, we opened the cab door, shoved in the body, and called out the address, 'Rue Saint Florentin, first house to the right.'

"We had given him five francs. The thing was done. As for the sequel, this is the way the papers told it next morning:

"A rich and noble stranger, M. de Karlsen, sole heir of one of the oldest Hungarian families, had a fatal apoplectic stroke last night while driving to his home in the Rue Saint-Florentin. He had taken a hired cab, and the honest cab-driver, as soon as he perceived the frightful accident which the chances of his calling had brought to his notice after in vain attempting to arouse the druggists whose establishments he passed on his road, at last delivered the body to the servants at M. de Karlsen's sumptous residence on the Rue Saint-Florentine.

"The papers had something more serious the next day:

"To-morrow at the Church of the Madeleine, the funeral services for the repose of the soul of M. de Karlsen will take place. His friends are requested to be present, as the body is to be sent to Hungary, and all religious ceremonies will be finished at the church, beginning at noon.

"Nothing had transpired in the meantime to indicate that any unpleasant incident marked the return of the husband, and on account of his relations with the Austrian Embassy the Countess appeared at Karlsen's funeral in deep mourning, masking strange thoughts under her conventional dignity. She returned to her home never to leave it. She languished from that day, and soon died of hypertrophy of the heart. Nobody was forgotten, however. Papa Caron, the man on duty in the Prefect's antechamber that strange night, received a big some of money; Honorine a little property at Vilvordie, where she lives to this day; and I received this magnificent ring. Look, it's worth two thousand francs; but if it were worth two millions I would never part with it. It is riveted to that finger.

"As for the husband—there were no children—he left Paris, and established himself on some vast estate of his in Dalmatia. At the season of the year when all the great opera-singers go to Trieste he would take up his abode there, and never miss a night in his box. It was his only pleasure. During one of these representations he heard a Frenchman in the box next to him telling some people how much the primadonna looked like the Countess Helene de B—; 'a great lady,' he added 'very well known in Paris. Her husband poisoned her on suspicion of her infidelity, although the world supposed she died of a decline.' He gossiped on in a way that must have been distressing to the Count, who, however, waited for the *entr'acte*, and then knocked at the door of the box, passed in his card, with a place and hour of meeting written on it, bowed, went back to his own box, and heard out the opera. He was known to be an expert swordsman. Swords were the weapons chosen for the duel. They met, and after a few passes, the Count literally threw himself upon his adversary's sword. He had committed suicide by another man's hand. My story is finished."

"Ah!" cried Balzac, triumphantly; "now I will show you where it fails down. Unless the Prefect, or you, or Honorine betrayed the matter, how could the Count know of the frightful death of Karlsen at his house, at his wife's feet? Now, if he knew nothing of it, I say that the duel, the suicide by another's hand, is not sufficiently justified. If I were telling the story I should have to imagine or invent a more detailed, more logical end. The death is dramatic and original, but I do insist that for such despair the Count is left too ignorant of what happened during his absence. The story is not the metaphorical peach, which only needs to be plucked and eaten."

"There may be more," said Vidocq, a little abashed by the novel-writer's tone. "I told you that I was reminded of this story. What do you think reminded me? The cab-driver who drove me over here this evening. I recognized in him the cab-driver of the Pont Neuf to whom we gave Karlsen's body that night ten years ago."

"Strange!" said Balzac incredulously.

"Not very. Once a cab-driver always a cab-driver. They rarely become Colonels,' said Vidocq.

"Is he at the door? Let's have him up," cried Balzac, tossing his napkin up in the air, which was a great sign of joy in him.

The cab-driver was summoned. He looked like every cab-driver of his age—fifty years, weather-beaten skin, puggy red nose, mouth deformed by constant smoking, gray hair and stooping shoulders. Balzac filled every glass on the table and signed to the cab-driver that it was all for him. Then a lively interrogation began.

"If I am not mistaken," said Vidocq, "you are the man I hailed on the Pont Neuf the other evening?"

The cab-driver cocked his chin.

"What other evening?"

"You don't remember? We were three, and we were singing?"

"When? I pick up so many people who are singing."

"Ten or twelve years ago," said Vidocq.

"You call that the other night? Why, I don't remember for ten days."

"I'm going to tell you. We stopped you in front of the Henry IV, statue."

"I've been stopped there a hundred thousand times."

"It was four o'clock in the morning, and we gave you five francs."

"The five francs is the most unusual thing you've said yet."

"The man who got in was going to the Rue Saint-Florentin."

A flash passed into the cab-driver's eyes.

"When you opened the door you had a great surprise."

Second flash of memory on the part of the cab-driver.

"What did you find instead of the man who got in on the Pont Neuf?"

"Why, he was dead, if that's what you want to make me say. There's nothing so strange about that. But perhaps it was you who made me the fine present. If it was you you owe me forty sous."

"How do you make that out? I gave you five francs for your trip."

"I earned all that answering questions. I mean I had to go on another errand. I had to go to the Rue Bellechasse."

"Rue Bellechasse!" we all shouted.

"Yes, to the house of Countess de ——, Duchess de ——, I've forgotten the name. I found a tiny little gilded leather case in my cab the morning after I carried the dead man to the Rue Saint-Florentine; so, of course, the case belonged to me. There was a letter in it, addressed to this Countess or Duchess Rue Bellechasse. Oh, you needn't look like that, there weren't any bank-notes. I should have returned them. But I earned forty sous. I carried the letter to its address, and gave the letter to a gentleman and lady who were just getting into their carriage. The gentleman, a very handsome man, with his breast covered with orders, took the letter. I said: 'Forty sous.' He read the letter, turned as white as the paper, and told his footman to give me forty sous. The man put a two-franc piece in my hand.

"The story is complete now," said Balzac. "The husband read in that letter some declaration of love from M. de Karlsen to his wife. The overheard gossip at the Trieste Opera-house opened his eyes to the fact that the world considered him disgraced, and that decided him to kill himself. The story is complete."

Something About Noses.

We often see fine eyes in an otherwise ugly face, but rarely is a thoroughly beautiful nose found in a face which could be called ugly, for the nose is the key-note of the face, and in it lies the chief characteristic of the countenance. Beautiful eyes and beautiful lips have, it is true, more charm—it is the expression of the eyes and lips of those we love which we most remember in absence—but it is the nose which, more than any other feature, affects the general character of the face. This will be seen if we try the experiment of drawing the head and face of any beautiful statue—say the Venus of Milo, for instance—and, while giving it all its fair proportions of brow and cheek and chin—we substitute a small turnup nose, or worse still, a flat or snub nose for the noble yet softly gracious line of the nose in this most perfect head, and how much we should lower the noble type of beauty this Venus presents! Of course no one in real life could be unattractive with such a brow and beautifully shaped eyes, to say nothing of the perfect lips and softly rounded lines of the chin: but the nobility of the face would be entirely lost by this alteration of the lines of the nose; whilst we might alter the beautiful lines of the eyes, narrow the brow, and even take from the softly voluptuous contour of lips and chin, yet by leaving untouched the perfect form of the nose we should still retain the dignity of expression which is so characteristic of this statue.

A nose to be perfect should equal the length of the forehead; it may, when the forehead is exceptionally low, be even longer than the forehead (and in most of the beautiful antique statues it is so,) but on no account should it be shorter than the brow. Viewed in front, the nose should be somewhat broader as its root (that is, where it starts from the brow) than below. The end of it should be neither hard nor fleshy, but it should be well defined, though neither very pointed nor very broad, for all extremes of form in all features are bad. Viewed in profile, the distance from the line of the wing of the nose to its tip should be only one-third of the length of the nose. Thus, those noses which stand very much out from the face as they near the end of the nose, while they are low on the bridge and between the eyes, are out of proportion. Those having such noses are vivacious, but wanting in dignity and force of character. They are impressionable and inconstant.

Nicotine and Death.

Schuyler Colfax, who died so suddenly at a railway station in Minnesota was attacked by vertigo while at the head of his career at Washington many years ago, and he was then advised by his physicians to greatly restrict himself in the use of tobacco. He was almost as great a smoker as General Grant, and it may be that his sudden death can be traced back to the same source as the attack which temporarily prostrated him at the Federal Capital. General Grant is understood to have been in peril of cancer of the tongue as the result of excessive smoking, and his physicians are amazed as well as gratified to find that he has wholly abandoned the use of tobacco although they requested him to be moderate in smoking, and not to smoke the last half of his cigars, from which part the nicotine is always received. The pernicious effects of the excessive use of tobacco can not be too vigorously portrayed, and it is well for every man to reflect that the best physicians are unanimous in the opinion that to neither smoke nor to chew is the best rule. Impartial observers who find the companionship of one who daintily uses the weed agreeable, rather than otherwise, are forced to admit that in advanced age the habit seldom fails to become injurious and filthy as well as expensive. This is a free country, and whosoever will may contract such a habit, but users of tobacco should bear in mind that to go beyond the bounds of moderation is to expose themselves to death from nicotine.

Dedicated to Our Family Physician

"How'd you find your patient, doctor" "Went to his room." "Yes; but I mean how'd you find him when you got there?" Found him in bed." "Well, but is he better?" "If he's well, he must be." "Does he improve any?" "Hasn't any to improve; he sold his farm and lives in a boarding house." "Is he worse?" "Worse than what?" "Is he better, then?" "Better than who?" "Oh, doctor, what is there about him?" "A double sheet and two blankets." "But what ails him?" "Nobody ales him; he's a St. John man." "But is he dangerous?" "Naw, gentle as a lamb." "See here, doctor, don't you want to tell what's the matter with him?" "No matter at all; it's a fresh cut." "Well, you seem to be pretty smart; do you know how to tell what ails your patient?" "Oh, yes, I know how to tell, but you don't know how to ask." Some physicians never want the neighbors to know anything.

"Used you pretty rough, didn't he?" remarked a sympathizing bystander to the man who had just got a most awful licking. "Well, no," replied the subdued one, "I thought he polished me off very nicely."

"What You Might Call Nerve."

"I saw an exhibition of what you might call nerve, the other day in Delaware county, N. Y.," said Deacon Chas. N. Bean, of the public stores, to a reporter. "I was up there on business last week, near Harpersfield, and an acquaintance took me out to fish for pickerel through the ice. On our way to the pond we came to a couple of men chopping in the woods. My friend knew one of the men and stopped to talk with him. The other man kept on chopping. He had made but two or three strokes with his axe when it flew off the handle. The sharp blade whizzed through the air, passed close to my friend's head and, striking the other chopper, whose name was Hagar, cut his nose off close to his face as clean as if it had been done with a razor. The man who had lost it put his hand up to his face in a startled sort of way and looked down at the severed nose as if he could hardly believe his eyes. When the full force of the situation struck him he looked at his fellow-chopper with an expression of surprise and deep injury on his face, and said:

"Well, Jack, you're a nice fellow, ain't ye?"

"Hagar then stooped and picked up his nose and, pressing his handkerchief to his bleeding face, astounded both my friend and myself by resuming the subject upon which they had been talking—which was the making of a contract for chopping—as if nothing of consequence had occurred to interrupt it. My friend, however, started the other chap to the village after a doctor, and wanted to take Hagar home at once on his buckboard. Hagar wouldn't hear to this, and said he would cut across to his cabin through the woods and wait for the doctor, and he started off, without any apparent hurry, carrying his nose in his hand.

"When we returned at night we went out of our way two miles to inquire after Hagar. We found him chopping up fire wood in front of the cabin. There was a bandage around his face. When we asked him if the doctor had seen him, he said:

"Yes, he's been here. He stuck the nose on in its old place and bound it there, and said he believed it would grow fast again, as he had known of such things happening. Say, I came blame near getting mad at Jack when that axe flew off to-day. He's always cutting up some dido or other.'

"Then we drove back to Harpersfield. I had a letter to-day from my friend. He had just come from a visit to Hagar. He says the man is getting along, and that the nose will grow fast again, sure. Now, these are facts, and I tell you that Hagar struck me as giving an exhibition of what you might call nerve."

A New Kind of Dog.

A wild looking man who resembled one who had wrestled with misfortune in a catch-as-catch-can hold, and been thrown in the contest, went into a Woodward Avenue bird store the other day, and approached the affable proprietor.

"Look here," he said, "may I take you apart for a moment?"

"Certainly," replied the man of animals, "if you can put me together again."

"Well, here's a letter from my wife—say, come out and have something!"

They went out and had something; when they came back the wild-looking man resumed the letter:

"She writes me to get her a white canvasback dog, in cross——"

"Now you go," said the bird-man, severely; "business is business, and I've no time to fool away!"

He sat down on the curbstone to rest. He was still reading the letter, when a sympathetic lady stopped to look at him.

"Poor man, are you ill?" she asked, very kindly.

'Heaven bless you, Madam! Will you read that letter? If you can and will, I am a saved man!"

The lady took the letter as if she were humoring the whim of a lunatic, and hastily ran it over.

"It is easy enough to read," she said. "Your wife, who seems to be an excellent woman, wishes you to buy her a white dog in cross-stich, stamped on a canvas slasher, with crewels to finish it, and send by express at once. I'm sure there's nothing about it that isn't plain enough."

"Thank you, ma'am. I'll never forget your kindess. Where did you say the cross-stitched dog on canvas could be found?"

"At any art-embroidery store," and the lady walked away quickly, remarking, to herself:

"Of all stupids men are the stupidest. Not to know what cross-stitch is?"

An Intellectual Hermit.

Another genuine hermit has been discovered in the Temple in London, and an inquest has been held upon his remains by the city Coroner. This old gentleman's name was Oliver. He was a barrister who for many years abandoned practice, or had been abandoned by it, and he was seventy-four years of age. He was found dying on his hearth-rug, and the doctor, who was summoned too late to render any aid, says that the unfortunate man was in a very neglected condition and much emaciated. There are a number of these hermits in the Inns of Court and Chancery. They are usually barristers who have failed, but who haunt the place like living ghosts, and exist in the most extreme squalor. Not a few of them are men of ability, who, with more help in early life, might have done great things.

The paper bottles made in Paris are cemented with a composition of alum, lime and blood albumen. Neither water nor alcohol has any effect on these bottles, and of course they are not easily broken.

It is announced in the *Nature* that a grotto from 8 to 10 metres high has been discovered in a rock washed by the sea, in the Morbihan, by M. Gaillard. He has since continued his researches at low water, and found some human bones, ancient earthenware marked with allegorical figures, and coins believed to have been struck by the ancient Gauls.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., MAR. 4, 1885.

TERMS.—$2 per year in advance. $2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements 2 cents per line for three insertions. One colum per year $90—½ colum $45.

☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium on $2 in advance.

ANYTHIN YOU WANT,

Either Useful or Beautiful,

AT G. R. SPIGELMYER'S

---SUPPLY DEPOT,---

SPRING MILLS, PA.,

——You can travel a day and——
——not find a nicer, cleaner, or——
——more complete stock. ——
——Prices talk for themselves.——

Garmans.

BELLEFONTE, March, 1885.

KIND FRIENDS:—

We ask your attention for a short time to our Muslin Department—all the well known brands, and a great many perhaps not so familiar to you. Foolish fellows we are to insist upon you buying it of us—merely a change of money, more likely for your benefit if any. This letter costs perhaps as much as the profit on six pieces. You of course know our opinion of the press, as we each week have something new to offer you through the columns of the "Reporter." We announced an enlargement of our Dress Goods stock to at least twice the size. That meant we expected to do three times the business of former years in that department.

Thanking you for your attention, we remain

Respectfully yours,

D. GARMAN & SON.

BUSH'S ARCADE. *Bellefonte,* 1885.

LOCAL ITEMS.

—Wm. From's sale has been changed from March 20 to 19. See adv.

—Mr. Daniel Bohn, a solid old Democrat of Harris gave the "Reporter" a call.

—John Wilkerson has purchased the property of Dr. Weaver, dec'd, at Potters Mills.

An extra discount of 10 to 20 per cent. on all ladies' and children's coats, at the Bee Hive.

—Our friend Cyrus Luse, one of the leading citizens of Farmer's Mills, gave the "Reporter" a call.

—D. C. Young, one of the old citizens of the south side of our valley, gave the "Reporter" a call.

An immense new line of stamped goods, Tidies, Splashers, Bureau Scarfs, &c., just received at the Bee Hive.

—"Our Little Ones" for March is a gem, as usual. The best magazine published for little folks. Boston, Mass.

—Mr. A. M. Brown, of Potters Mills, intending to quit lumbering advertises his stock at public sale in Reporter.

—Subscribers changing post-offices this spring should notify us—giving name of old as well as new post-office. tf

—D. A. Rhule, landlord and auctioneer, of Potters Mills, showed his pleasant phiz in our sanctum the other day.

—Centre Hall is represented at the inauguration by Wm. Wolf, D. J. Meyer, Fred'd Kurtz, Wm. and Chas. Kurtz, Wm. Quinn and H. Van Pelt.

—Mr. Kinter, the ticket agent, has brought his family here, and occupies the Brisbin house a short distance south of the station.

An old and a new subscriber to the Reporter can get the New York Weekly World, each one year, for $2.25 sent us in advance. A great bargain. tf

—Wm. Heckman, one of Penn Hall's best farmers and citizens, in a few weeks will move to the Van Valzah farm which he purchased near this place.

Hicks & Buck, foundry and machine shops and dealers in agricultural implements, at Bellefonte, are also sole agents for CHAMPION and OSBORNE repairs. 4t

—The revival meeting is still going on in the M. E. church in this place, and will continue, as Rev. Sarvis announced, as long as persons present themselves for conversion.

—Hon. S. Gilliland was a caller at the "Reporter" office a few days ago. Our venerable friend is well preserved and takes an active interest in all that concerns the public.

—Wm. From, of Tusseyville, will leave the old homestead where he lived so long and occupy a 100 acre farm purchased by him 2 miles further south. His sale is advertised in Reporter.

—The weather began to soften up by end of last week, and Friday and Saturday made some slush. Sunday forenoon there was a slight drizzle of rain and mild temperature which told visibly upon the deep snow.

—The Bellefonte Marble works turn out work that is hard to beat. Mr. A. S. Stover is a first-class workman and employs none but the best of hands. Prices very low to suit the times.

—The clothing store of Lewins & Co. keeps up its rush; low prices, fine assortment and honest dealing draws its big trade. Men and boys' suits of all styles and prices, largest and best stock in the county. No shoddy.

—Overcoats are still needed, winter may last a good while yet, and you can buy any style at almost cost at the Philadelphia Branch and get a first class article. You can't get as good a bargain anywhere in any kind of ready-made clothing as at the Philad. Branch.

—Mrs. James Musser, of Hartleton, a daughter of Anthony Albert, formerly of Millheim, died last Sunday morning. Tillie, a daughter of Mr. Musser, is also very seriously ill.

N. B.—Since the above was set in type we are informed that Miss Tillie died Monday after her mother. Both will be buried in one grave to-day, Wednesday. Mother aged 46; daughter, 20 years.

AN IMPORTANT FACT.

Owing to the great depression in all branches, we have been enabled for the READY CASH *to secure some of the greatest bargains ever heard of in the way of Spring Goods.*

Carpets, Matting and House Furnishing Goods. In these lines there seems to have been a greater stagnation than in any other. And in view of which we can now show the largest stock in Centre county of Velvet, Brussels, Body Brussels, Ingrains, Hemp and Rag Carpets, at prices lower than ever heard of even before the war. Therefore every body who is in need of Carpets this Spring, will do well to give us a thorough look before purchasing.

Every piece bears a ticket with the lowest Cash Price per yard marked thereon. In fact we mark none of our goods in cipher or unknown characters, and then delude customers into the belief that after they have bartered down 10 to 15 per cent from the asking price, that they have secured a bargain. Then afterwards to their sorrow they find out that they could have bought the same article from 10 to 15 per cent less at the "One Price Store."

SPECIAL.—*We will offer for a limited period Pride of the West 1 yard wide Bleached Muslin at 10c, worth 14c. Indigo Blue Prints warranted fast colors, 6½c worth 10c. 200 pieces of the best Standard Prints 5c, worth 8c. 100 dozen Linnen Damask Towels 25 and 50 cents a pair worth $1 and many other articles at a sweeping reduction.*

tf BEE HIVE ONE PRICE STORES.

—Go to Murray's Drug Store, Centre Hall, for your Chtistmas and Birthday cards, also toys for your children. A full line of drugs and medicines kept in stock. Any drug or medicine not found on hand will be got for you inside of 48 hours from the time you leave your order. J. D. MURRAY.

—One should always bear in mind that the largest and best assortment of ready-made clothing is always to be found at the Philad. Branch. The goods is first class all the time, and warranted to be as represented. The stock of men's and boys' clothing is equal to that in any of the city stores, with prices down to bottom figures. Always call in at the Philad. Branch before purchasing clothing elsewhere.

—Tacy, a little daughter of Harry W. Kreamer, of this place, had quite a birthday party by her school mates, each one bringing a suitable present. Those present were, Misses Grace Alexander, Emily Alexander, Annie Shoop, Elsie Hosterman, Lou. Camp, Mamie Keller, Junie Sarvis, Susie Herlacher, Birdie Love, Lettia Ross, Gertie Runkle, Grace Lee and May Thomas.

—The contract for the new Lutheran church to be erected at this place, has been awarded to Messrs. Grove & Wolf by the committee. There were six different parties as bidders. Work will begin in a short time and the edifice is to be ready for dedication by November 1, next. The bid by Grove & Wolf was $7445, with conditions, which is exclusive of seats; stained glass, painting, and articles of furniture. The church will be handsome and of modern style in all its plans, and when finished is likely to compare with any in the county for beauty.

—We will have quite a little boom in improvements during the coming summer. The building operations will embrace the enlargement of our water works, the erection of a steam roller flouring mill, a church, plaining mill, and several houses, amounting in all to upwards of $35,000 of which three-fourths has already gone under contract. This is only the beginning, as we believe, and the prospects are that other improvements will follow right along from year to year. Prospects for the growth of our town are bright in spite of the occasional croaker who finds fault with and misrepresents every enterprise of his neighbors. It is well that there are always enough of enterprising people in most of places to see through the motives of those who would kill a town if they had their own way.

—The barn on the Van Tries farm, about 3½ miles above Centre Hall, was destroyed by fire, Monday night, last, between 9 and 10 o'clock. The farm was occupied by Wm. Swab. All last year's crop, all the wagons, implements, horsegears, and whatever was in and about the barn, was burned. There were about 800 bushels of unthreshed wheat. Henry Stoners separater was also in the barn and was burned. About 12 head of sheep and some calves were burned. The other live-stock, horses and cattle, were fortunately turned out by a Mr. Markle, who was going up the road at the time and saw the fire as it was breaking out the one corner of the building, and by hastening he reached the barn in time only to let out the horses and cattle. A mare, "Fanny," belonging to ex-sheriff Spangler, of our town, was in the stable, and severely burned before being turned out. Mr. Swab was absent in Nittany valley at the time, and the rest of the family were all in bed fast asleep, and did not know of the fire until Mr. Markle roused them by bursting in the door. The house had also taken fire but it was put out again. This barn was burned by lightning one night about four years ago, when occupied by Mr. George Swab, father of the present occupant. All Mr. Wm. Swab's implements were of the best. He has an insurance on his stock in the Centre Hall company. The barn, however, was insured in an outside company. How the fire originated is not yet known. Mr Swab will have an insurance of $600 to $700 on what was burned.

POTTER AUDIT.—The auditors of Potter twp. will meet the boards of Overseers and Supervisors, to audit the accounts of same, Monday, March 2, '85, at the house of D. J. Meyer, Centre Hall, where all interested may attend. J. W. RUNKLE, W. W. SPANGLER, W. B. MINGLE, Auditors.

ST. ELMO HOTEL,

No. 317 & 319 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

Reduced rates to $2.00 per day. The traveling public will still find at this Hotel the same liberal provision for their comfort. It is located in the immediate centres of business and places of amusement and different railroad depots, as well as all parts of the city, are easily accessible by Street Cars constantly passing the doors. It offers special inducements to those visiting the city for business or pleasure.

Your patronage respectfully solicited.

JOS. M. FEGER, Proprietor.

26oct

—The following persons have been drawn to serve as Jurors during the April term of court:

Grand Jurors.

Sam'l Decker, Walker
Thomas Riley, Harris
R W Downing, ½ Moon
J C Boal, Potter
Jon. Shank, Howard
S H Bennison, Marion
D G Meek, Ferguson
H D Yerger, Bellefonte
Z T Weirick, Howard
J R Alexander, Spring
David Barree, Gregg
John Q Miles, Huston
C W Albright, Millheim
Jas Ardery, Worth
J Witmer Wolf, Potter
Rob't Henderson, Marion
E L Johnson, Rush
Vint Beckwith, Taylor
F F Adams, Boggs
D J Meyer, Potter
Jerre Snavely, Potter
Geo Armbruster, Gregg
Allen Ammerman, Union
W G Rook, Philipsburg

Traverse Jurors—Fourth Monday April.

Jno Armagast, Benner
Jos Powers, Bellefonte
Jos Loder, Howard
J C Nason, Huston
G A Gowland, Philipsbg
J F Rearick, Gregg
Wm McGirk, College
H K Hoy, Benner
E B Green, Bellefonte
Sam'l Ellenberger, Ferguson
H H Weaver, Haines
W L Steel, Bellefonte
O P Kreamer, Milesburg
John Woods, Spring
Sam'l Ott, Millheim
Barney Coyle, Philipsbg
J B Heckman, Gregg
Benj. Gentzel, Spring
Uriah Shafer, Miles
Archy Allison, Potter
Moses Gilbert, Miles
Jno Ward, Halfmoon
Christ Schrock, Bellef'e
J Armstrong, Philipsb'g
P N Barnhart, Spring
Henry Young, Spring
R D Ardery, Huston
H H Benner, Bellefonte
Jno Graston, Howard
Sol Peck, Walker
A W Hafer, Millheim
J W Weaver, Boggs
Ed Tyson, Philipsburg
Wm Miller, Bellefonte
Daniel Dorman, Walker
H M Snyder, Ferguson
G F Sevenson, Potter
Jno Harshberger, Penn
J Pennington, Ferguson
John Harpster, Worth
J H Brown, Snow Shoe
Sam'l Noll, jr, Spring
Sam'l Crotzer, Potter
John H Burns, Rush
Wm Derstine, Bellefonte
Enos Ertley, Marion
J W Gardner, Howard
John Holmes, Marion

Traverse Jurors—First Monday May.

John H Snyder, Gregg
W M M'Clintock, Potter
Wm Norris, College
Walter O'Brien, College
Sam'l Emerick, Union
Noah Gates, Benner
S F Ishler, Harris
H G Royer, Haines
J C Rankin, Snow Shoe
Claude Cook do
Geo Noll, Boggs
A F Cramer, Haines
Fred Heckman, Gregg
Harvey Lutz, Walker
Patrick Martin, Boggs
A B Snyder, Spring
J I Curtin, Bellefonte
John Dale, Benner
W L Musser, Millheim
J L Marshall, Benner
D H Yeager, Snow Shoe
John Krebs, Ferguson
Albert Sweeley, Liberty
David Bartges, Gregg
David Orr, Marion
Grafius Weston, Worth
J H Holmes, Ferguson
Chas Gates, Halfmoon
Dan'l Garman, Bellef'te
F S Lingle, Liberty
J A Yarnell, Snow Shoe
W H Campbell, Boggs
S F Dorman, Walker
Wm Dawson, Bellefonte
Jos Adams, Milesburg
Michael O'Neal, Rush

—The *Democrat* moves into Harris' new building, on High street, Thursday.

—Rev. DeLong will preach in the Reformed church, this place, next Sunday, at 2:30 o'clock.

THOUSANDS SAY SO.

Mr. T. W. Atkins, Girard, Kas., writes: "I never hesitate to recommend your Electric Bitters to my customers, they give entire satisfaction and are rapid sellers." Electric Bitters are the purest and best medicine known and will positively cure Kidney and Liver complaints. Purify the blood and regulate the bowels. No family can afford to be without them. They will save hundreds of dollars in doctor's bills every year. Sold at 50 cts. a bottle by all druggists.

Some wood-sawyers at Galion, Ohio, stopped their work on finding that they had cut the head from a corpse in a hollow log. They also discovered $800 in money, a pair of revolvers, and some burglar's tools.

Sixty-five cents a dozen, says the Philadelphia *Record*, is the price paid to the sewing women who make dress shirts. One dress shirt used to be considered a fair day's work. With the aid a of sewing machine she might be able to crowd three days' work into one, and earn fifteen cents. Herein lies food for reflection.

I caught a severe cold, and remembering you told me to use "Downs' Elixir," I bought a bottle and in less than three days my cough and sore throat had vanished. It is good. PUBLISHER

New Market, N. H., Advertiser.

Please send me six bottles Dr. Baxtar's Mandrake Bitters. I never used a medicine that did me as much good as this.

IRA TAYLOR, Rolland, Mich.

Henry & Johnson's Arnica and Oil Liniment is the best family liniment made. Sold by J. D. Murray, Centre Hall. mar

During the funeral of a child at Wesleyville, Erie county, one of the four girl pall-bearers slipped on the ice and the coffin fell, the cover coming off and exposing the corpse. On the way from the church to the grave a handle to the casket broke and the corpse was again exposed. When the body was lowered into the grave the rope slipped and the head of the deceased gashed. The grave digger slipped and fell into the grave.

McDonald's Improved Liver Pills are endorsed and prescribed by many eminent physicians. They do not make hair grow on bald heads or set broken bones, but they are the best corrector of a disordered Liver yet discovered. Money refunded to dissatisfied purchasers.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY, & Co.,
Philadelphia, Agents.

Sold by J. D. Murray.

Every subscriber who pays the REPORTER one year in advance gets a credit of two months extra as a premium.

The memebrs of the Texas legislature are paid $2 a day.

The prospects for the wheat crop in Ohio are very discouraging.

It is estimated that 25,000 persons in Cincinnati and 75,000 in New York are out of employment.

THE WHEAT MARKET IMPROVED.

Tom Elliot, a rich young farmer of Dakota, having announced that he would never marry until wheat sold at $1 per bushel, a neighbor farmer, who has a daughter willing to relieve Tom's loneliness, has offered to take his entire crop at $1 a bushel and give him a check for it at the wedding.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents a box. For sale by all druggists. jan7y

TAKE NOTICE OF THIS SPLENDID BARGAIN.—The "New York Weekly World," one of the best weeklies in the United States, by special arrangement with the World publishers, can be had very low by clubbing with the "Reporter," Two new names, clubbing for the "Reporter," will each get the two papers, the "World" and the "Reporter" one year, cash in advance, for $2.25, the regular price for the two being $3. Subscribers to the "Reporter" can have the "World" and "Reporter" for $2.50, in advance, or for $2.25 when clubbing with two new names.

BIBLES! BIBLES!—Persons wanting a Bible, from $5 up to $18.50—the best and only edition of the kind printed in the state, should hold up their orders for Michael Zeigler, of Millheim, who is canvassing this county. tf

FROM NEBRASKA.

STROMSBURG, Polk Co., Neb.

MR. EDITOR:—Your readers are watching for news of Nebraska winter. It was a cold one so far, but the last week work could be done in shirt sleeves. About the middle of February we started to plow for oats and wheat; by the first to the middle of March good farmers will have their oats and wheat in. There is plenty of good corn in the fields yet. Our sledding is all gone—the snow was thin this winter Some may still think Neb. is like Penn'a, but it differs as day does from night. This country is level and rolling. Where I am located it is level—no need of brakes on wagons. Some readers may wish to rent farms here; we have plenty of renters here, more than improved farms, but if any wish to buy they can do so, and not be afraid of not liking the country. Farms of 80, 120, 160, 320 acres and upwards can be bought. The first 80 acres mentioned with forty acres broke, the balance prairie with good grass, public road on two sides, six miles from railroad, 3½ miles from Platt river, and no house, can be bought for $15 per acre. Then 120 acres with 118 acres broke and cultivated 4 years, with house 16x30, 1½ story, barn, granery, corn-crib, well 90 feet deep, with bored wooden tubing windlass and rope to draw water, at $25 per acre, cash. Then 160 acres adjoining the 120 acres on the east side, with same improvements, has pump and windmill, all the buildings put up in 1883, plenty of pasture and hay land, can be bought for $30 per acre, cash, this spring. These men have the western fever—go further to get more land. Some of you old renters and small farmers ought to walk out and see what this land is made of. These farms need no manure for the next 8 or 10 years, with crops of corn, wheat and oats each year. Come and see for yourselves, you will not make a foolish step as land is going up each year from $3 to $5 dollars. Your money is safe. You can go to bed and sleep as easy as in those hills, and you wont hear the hoo! hoo! owl that steals your hens, nor the chicken hawk. No heavy rain showers to wash your good land in the hollows; no stones or rocks to stumble over. Send your order for one of these farms and you will have a good one. SAMUEL KRADER.

—HORSE SALE.—The undersigned will offer at public sale at Centre Hall hotel, Friday, March 13, twelve head of horses, all sound and in good condition. They are fine draft and driving horses. This is the finest lot of horses brought to this county for a long time.

J. C. RANKIN.

FARMERS' INSTITUTE.

The following is the program for the Farmers' Institute to be held in Centre Hall, Friday and Saturday, March 13 and 14, to which all agriculturists are invited:

Friday, March 13, 2:30 p. m., Prof. Jordon: The purchase and use of fertilizers.

7 p. m., Prof. Jordan: The development of the dairy interests of Centre Co.

Saturday, March 14, 9 a. m., Prof. Jordon: The principles of cattle feeding.

10:30 a. m., Prof. Buckhout: Ornamental grounds and ornamental planting for farmers.

Opportunity will be given for questions and discussion after each lecture in which all are cordially invited to take part. 2t

New Bloomfield, Pa., Feb. 28.—Mrs. Palmer and Mrs. Divens, of Landisburg, were having a lively neighbors' quarrel yesterday, when George Palmer appeared upon the scene, and seizing a club he threw it at Mrs. Divens, but flying wide of its mark it struck Mrs. Divens' child which was inside the window. The child has since died from the injuries. Palmer was arrested.

JUST SO.

Seven out of ten you meet have a cold, and with coughing, hawking and snorting are about kept busy. Do a good thing for yourself at once, by going to the nearest drug store and getting a bottle of Dr. Kesslers Celebrated English Cough Medicine. If you are not satisfied that it is worth all you pay, the druggist will hand you back your money. Sold by J. D. Murray.

—Sechlers & Co. have granulated sugar at 8c a pound, all other grades at lowest prices. Syrups, molasses, finest New Orleans at 80c per gallon. Fine assortment of coffees, both green and roasted. Our roasted coffees are always fresh. All the new and desirable brands of tobacco. Special attention given to our cigar trade. We try to sell the best 2 for 5c and 5c cigars in the town. Tea—Young Hyson, 60c, 80c, and $1 per lb.; Imperial, 60c, 80c, $1; Gunpowder from 60c to $1 per lb.; Oolong 60c to $1 per lb.; Mixed green and black from 60c to $1 per lb.; a very fine colored Japan tea; also a good bargain in Young Hyson at 40c per pound. Finest full cream cheese at 16c per lb. As Baking Powder is coming into such general use, it is important to find which are the best value for the price charged. Our one pound pails of Baker's Baking Powder we think the best return for the money of any brand on the market. The goods will do the same work as any of the higher priced goods. Stone-ware in all sizes of all desirable shapes; best quality of Akron ware. This is the most satisfactory goods in the market. Oranges and lemons of the freshest goods. We have the new lightning fruit jar, and Mason's porcelain-lined and glass top jars. The lightning jar is far ahead of anything yet known. It is a little higher in price than the Mason jar, but it is worth more than the difference in price. Buy the lightning jar and you will not regret it. We have them in pints, quarts and half gallons. Fine sugar cured hams, shoulders, breakfast bacon and dried beef—naked and canvased. We guarantee every piece of meat we sell. We have fifty fine lambs in good pasture to dress for our market as wanted. We give special attention to getting fine lambs, and always try to have a fine flock ahead. Our customers can depend on getting nice lamb at all times. SECHLERS & Co., Bush House Block, Bellefonte.

MARRIED.

On Feb. 26, by Rev. W. H. Groh, J. Wesley Decker and Priscilla E. Decker, both of near Lemont.

On Feb. 15, by Rev. W. H. Groh, Mr. George B Hennigh and Miss Nora B. Cox, both of Houserville.

DIED.

On Feb. 26, Elizabeth Emerick, of Potter twp., aged 74 years, 2 months, 12 days.

On Feb. 21, near Tusseyville, after a lingering illness, John Frye, aged 69 years, 7 months, and 20 days.

A NUN'S AWFUL STORY.

London, Feb. 26.—A letter has been received at Korti from a nun taken prisoner when Khartoum fell into the hands of the Arabs, and who is now kept captive in the Mahdi's camp at Omdurman. She confirms the statement that El Mahdi's troops massacred the soldiers of the garrison and many peaceful citizens, and she states that the number of persons slaughtered was fully 2000.

For scrofula, erysipelas, tetter, salt rheum, skin diseases, humors, sores, eruptions, pimples, blotches, swellings, tumors, boils, ulcers, scald head, ring worms, hives and all blood disorders, no remedy ever devised equals in efficacy and power McDonald's great Blood Purifier or Sarsaparillain Alterative. Warranted. Sold by J. D. Murray.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & Co.,
Philadelphia Agents.

Sale March 14.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of D. H. Ruhl, at Potters Mills, Saturday, March 14: Four work horses, driving horse 4 years old, 1 cow two 2-horse wagons, 4-horse wagon, road cart, 2 pair lumber sleds, lumber chains, 2-seated cutter, set double harness, 2 set single harness, collars, bridles, checks, halters, 2 set of new tug harness, buggy tongue, new cut-off saw, rip saw and mandrel, and other articles. Sale at 1 o'clock. A. M. BROWN.
D. H. Ruhl, Auct.

Sale March 19.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of the undersigned, at Tusseyville, Thursday, March 19: Two work horses, 3 cows, short-horned bull, 3 head of young cattle, Chesterwhite boar, breeding sow, good 2-horse wagon, plantation wagon with hay ladders, buggy, self-rake reaper, mower, threshing machine, double bob sled, lumber sled, shovel plow, cornplanter, two-horse cultivator, plows, harrow, haygrab, rope and pulley, rakes, forks, cow and other chains, horse gears, cutting box, flynets, etc., also household furniture, cook stove, coal stove, good 8-day clock large size, sink, tables, carpets, bedsteads, copper kettle, barrels, tubs, meat vessels, and other articles. Sale to begin at 1 o'clock.
WM. FROM.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Letters testamentary upon the estate of John Tonner, late of Potter twp., dec'd, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement.
WM. ALLISON,
4mar6t Executor, Potters Mills, Pa.

Sale March 7.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of the undersigned, one mile east of Tusseyville, Saturday, March 7: One horse, one colt, 3 milk cows, 4 head young cattle, 19 head of sheep, 2-horse wagon, 2-horse sled, grain drill, hayrake, fanning mill, hayrope, Harpoon and pulley, plow, harrow, corn planter, cultivators, cornplow, combined reaper and mower, cross-cut saw, chains, forks and other articles. Household goods, stoves, meat vessels, barrels, grind stone, chopper machine, and other articles. Sale at 1 o'clock. LUCINDA RUNKLE.

Sale March 6.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of the undersigned, near Centre Hall, on Friday, March 6: Three good work horses, Bay Stallion, rising 3 years old, one fine Morgan horse colt, rising 3 years, very fine Percheron horse colt, rising 2 years old, 3 milk cows, young cattle, 2 breed sows, boar, Chesterwhite shoats, No. 3 6-foot cut Osborne Harvester, Excelsior combined reaper and mower, in good repair, Union 9-hoe grain drill, with latest improved Fertilizer attachment, cultivators, etc., Centre Hall horse-power, and other articles. Sale at 1 p. m.
PETER HOFFER.

Sale March 13.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of Wm. Mitterling, one mile north of Tusseyville, Friday, March 13: Two good breeding mares, one with foal, black stallion rising 3 years old, one heifer with calf, Chesterwhite breeding sow, good 2-horse wagon, bob sled, grain drill, hayfork, 100 feet of new rope, pulleys, plow, harrow, corn planter, cultivator, shovel plow, cutting box, hay ladders, set tug harness, collars, bridles, lines, double and single trees, fanning mill, rakes, forks, shovels. Also ½ interest in a roller and other articles. Sale at 1 p. m.
JOHN MITTERLING.

Sale March 10.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of the undersigned, near Centre Hall, Tuesday, March 10: Three head of horses, 1 yearling colt, 3 cows, 3 head young cattle, 1 bull, 4 breeding sows, 2 shoats, 3 pigs, Canadian ram, Champion binder, new; combined Buckeye reaper and mower, 4-horse broad-wheel wagon, 2-horse wagon, 2-horse spring wagon, top buggy, long sled, cutter, graindrill, horse rake, Champion and a Centre Hall cornplanter, 2-horse Buckeye cultivator, 2 1-horse cultivators, 2-horse cultivator, landroller, plows, harrows, single and double driving harness, set tug harness, cruppers, plow gears, bridles, collars, forks, rakes, double fifth chain, all other chains, double and single trees, 4-horse wagon bed, 2 set hay ladders, grindstone, digging iron, picks, hoes, shovels, 2 grain cradles, 2 mowing sythes, new hay fork, rope and pulley, household goods, stoves, chairs, tables, cupboards, sinks, bedsteads, iron kettle, cross cut saw, carpenter tools, and many other articles. Also, Three-fifths share of 32 Acres of GRAIN in ground. Sale at 10 o'clock. J. O. M'CORMICK.

Sale March 11.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of Jacob Reasner, near Old Fort, on Wednesday, March 11: 2 horses, 2 cows, 24 head sheep, hogs, and other cattle, a large assortment of farming implements, Deering Binder, new; plows, wagons, sleds, harrows, harness, etc. Also, Three-fifths of 57 Acres of Grain in ground. This will be the largest sale of the season. Sale at 1 o'clock, sharp. JOHN HOFFER.

Sale March 18.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of the undersigned, one mile northwest of Spring Mills, Wednesday, March 18: Four horses, 4 cows, 1 bull, head young cattle, 3 shoats, breeding sow, 6 good sheep, 2 horse wagon, spring wagon, Stoner drill, hay rake, corn scraper, Centre Hall corn planter, 3-horse cultivator, fanning mill, thrashing machine, power and shaker, Excelsior reaper and mower combined, 2 log sleds, log wagon, 3 plows, 2 harrows, hay fork and rope, cutting box, horse gears, heavy brichbands, front gears, flynets, horse collars, check lines, wagon saddle, lot of single and double trees, spreads, log chain, butt chains, 2 set breast chains, cow chains, housands, halters, good grain drill, rakes, forks, scoop shovel, 40 gallon copper kettle, lot of seed corn, and other articles. Sale at 10 o'clock.
J. N. Leitzell, Auct. JOHN LONG.

Sale March 12.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of the undersigned, near Potters Mills, Thursday, March 12: Three work horses, 2 cows, 2 year old bull, 6 head young cattle, 11 head of sheep, shoats, 2 2-horse wagons, one just new; 2-horse sled, family sled, combined mower and reaper, grain drill, hayrake, fanning mill, cornsheller, corn planter, corn scraper, 2 cultivators, plows, harrow, 100 feet of hay rope, pulleys and double harpoon, lightning hay knife, forks, rakes, 2 grain cradles, large dinner bell, single harness, horse gears, flynets, cross cut saw, post auger, post digger, double and single trees, chains of all kinds, household goods, base burner coal stove, settee, rocking chair, dining table, and many other articles. Sale at 12 o'clock.
D. B. Sweetwood, Auct. W. W. ROYER.

Sale March 20.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of the undersigned, at Spring Mills, Friday, March 20: Four head of horses, 2 year old colt, 5 milk cows, Champion reaper and mower, Willoughby Drill, Centre Hall cornplanter, roller, hayrake, cultivators, windmill, cornscraper, two harrows, plow, 2-horse wagon, 4-horse broad wheel wagon, easy running, harness of all kinds, double set harness, collars, bridles, flynets, log-chain, fifth chain, and other chains, dinner bell, rakes, forks, and other articles. Sale at 12 o'clock sharp.
J. N. Leitzel, Auct. B. F. YEARICK.

Sale March 14.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of the undersigned, at Boalsburg, Saturday, March 14: One horse, lot of castings, plow-points of all kinds, 2 plows complete, buggy, spring wagon, cutter, sleigh, new bob sled, harness, landsides, lot of sled soles, fan mower, household goods, cooking stove No. 9, parlor stove, sink, ½ dozen chairs, 2 bedsteads, tables, chairs, and other articles. Sale at 1 o'clock.
Wm. Goheen, Auct. MARY A. MATER.

Sale March 17.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of the undersigned, two miles west of Potters Mills, on Tuesday, March 17, at 12 o'clock: Four head of horses, 2 2-years old and 1 1-year old colts, 6 milk cows, Jersey bull two years old, 12 head of young cattle, 35 head sheep, 3 cows with pig, berkshire boar, six shoats, Johnson Harvester good as new, Johnson Mower, hay fork, rope and pulleys, fanning mill, broad wheel wagon, 2-horse wagon, horse rake, sulkey cultivators, two South Bend plows, horse roller, set tug harness, set cruppers, set of double harness, collars, bridles, halters, double and single trees, forks, shovels, etc. A reasonable credit will be given.
H. C. SHIRK.

The town of McEwensville, four miles from Milton, was shocked on evening of 25 ult., by the death of the wife of Rev. J. K. Millet, who had been unconscious since the Saturday previous from the effects of a hypodermic injection of morphia administered by Mr. Millet. The lady has been a chronic sufferer for years and on Friday took several doses of morphia and bromide to relieve severe pain. Saturday morning, feeling no better bromide was administered by Mr. Millet, after which he left the house to attend to clerical duties demanding attention. Upon returning Mrs. Millet insisted upon a hypodermic injection of morphia, which was given. Either the dose was too large or else she had taken bromide during his absence, for immediately she became unconscious. Medical aid was summoned, but she remained unconscious until the evening, when she died. The husband is completely unnerved.

AN EXTRAORDINARY OFFER.

To All Wanting Employment.

We want live, energetic and capable agents in every county in the United States and Canada, to sell a patent article of great merit, on its merits. An article having a large sale, paying over 100 per cent. profit, having no competition, and on which the agent is protected in the exclusive sale by a deed given for each and every county he may secure from us. With all these advantages, and the fact that it is an article that can be sold to every houseowner, it might not be necessary to make an "extraordinary offer" to secure good agents at once, but we have concluded to make it to show, not only our confidence in the merits of our invention, but in its salability by any agent that will handle it with energy. Our agents now at work are making from 150 to 600 a month clear, and this fact makes it safe for us to make our offer to all who are out of employment. Any agent that will give our business a thirty days' trial and fail to clear at least 100 in this time, above all expenses, can return all goods unsold to us and we will refund the money paid for them. Any agent or general agent who would like to have ten or more counties and work them through sub-agents for ninety days, and fail to clear at least 750 above all expenses, can return all unsold and get their money back. No other employer of agents ever dared to make such offers, nor would we if we did not have agents now making double the amount we guarantee, and but two sales a day would give a profit of over $125 a month, and that one of our agents took 18 orders in one day. Our large descriptive circular explains our offer fully, and these we wish to send to every one out of employment who will send us three one cent stamps for postage. Send at once and secure the agency in time for the boom, and go work on the terms named in our extraordinary offer. We would like to have the address of all the agents, sewing machine solicitors and carpenters in the country, and ask any reader of this paper who reads this offer, to send us at once the name and address of all such they know. Address at once, or you will lose the best chance ever offered to those out of employment to make money.

RENNER MANUFACTURING CO.,
21jan2m 166 Smithfield St., Pittsburg, Pa.

Reported by EVANS BROS., Produce Commission Merchants, No. 56 North Water St., Philad. Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Cheese and all kinds of Country produce. Quick sales, good prices and quick returns.

PHILADELPHIA, Mar. 2, 1885.

BUTTER.

Creamery, Penn'a, extra		35	30
" Western "		35	39

EGGS.

Penn'a, Del and Md., per doz	crates	25
" "	bbls	25
Western, ex brands "	crates	24

LIVE POULTRY.

Fowls, straight, nearby	per lb	13	13
" mixed	"	12	13
" Western, straight	"	12	13
" mixed	"	11	12
Roosters	"	7	8
Ducks	"	12	14
Turkeys	"	12	14
Geese	"	9	11

DRESSED POULTRY.

Turkeys, extra	per lb		16
" choice	"	14	15
" medium	"	10	12
Chickens, dry-picked, extra	"	14	15
" good	"	12	13
" scalded and medium	"	10	11
Ducks, extra	"		13
" fair	"	12	14
Geese, extra	"	10	11

CALVES AND SHEEP.

Calves, Del & Md, prime	per lb	7½	8
" Fair to good	"	7	7½
" Common stock	"	4	5
" Hog-dressed	"	7	8
Sheep, prime	"	4	5
Lambs, extra	"		6
Live Cattle	"	4½	5¼
Hogs, live	"	5½	6
Pigs, live	"	5	5½

DRESSED PORK.

Light	per lb	6	6¼
Heavy	"	5¾	6

FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.

Cabbage, extra	per 100	12 00	14 00
" good	"	8 00	10 00
Apples, Baldwins	per bbl	3 00	3 50
" Greenings	"	2 75	3 25
" York State, mixed	"	2 75	3 00
Onions, Pa	"	4 25	4 50
" Western	"	3 75	4 00

POTATOES.

Early Rose, choice	per bus	55
Burbanks, choice	"	53
" fair	"	50
Pearl Mammoth	"	53
Beauty of Hebron	"	53
Peerless	"	50

CHEESE.

N Y Factory, choice	12
Ohio, fat, fine	11½
Penn's, Full Cream	8

WOOL.

Tub-washed	per lb	28
Unwashed		

DRIED FRUIT.

Apples, evaporated, in cases	6
" good	3½
" quarters	3½
Blackberries	9
Cherries, pitted, prime dry	12½

FURS.

Bear, black	5 00	
" " Cubs	2 00	
Red Fox	1 00	
Grey	25	8
Minks	25	30
Racoons	50	65
Muskrat, Winter	10	15
Wild Cat		[illegible]
House Cat		10
Opossum, cased, trashed out	10	15
Rabbits		2½

HIDES.

Hides, Dry	per lb	10	11
Calf, Salted	"	12	13
Hides, Green, Steer	"	5½	6
" " Cow	"	5	5½
" " Bull	"	4	4½
" Salted Steer	"	8	8½
" " Cow	"	8	8½
Sheep Skins, per piece		25	75

MISCELLANEOUS.

Lard, Country lots, prime	per lb	8	8½
Tallow, Solid	"	5¾	6
" Cake	"	6	6¼
Honey in Comb	"	10	11
Country Soap			5

☞Price Current Subject to Market Fluctuations

SPRING MILLS MARKET.

Wheat—Red	85
White & Mixed	83
Rye	50
Corn, 45 shelled, and ears old	
Oats	30
Buckwheat	50
Barley	45
Cloverseed large	5 00
Cloverseed small	6 00
Timothy seed	1 40
Plaster, ground per ton	9 00
Flour, per barrel	5 00
Roller Flour, per barrel	6 50

Butter, 18; tallow, 6; lard, 8; ham, 12; shoulde 8; bacon or side, 8; eggs per dozen, 20 cents.

Corrected weekly by I. J. Grenoble.

COAL.—Pea, 3.00; Chestnut, 4.75; Stove, 5.00 Egg, 4.75.

MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Mar. 5, 1885.
(Corrected Weekly.)

		Chicago.	Philadelphia
Corn		37¾	—47½
Wheat	"	74	—83
Oats	"	26½	—37
Pork	"	12.47½	
Lard	"	7.82½	

SAMUEL WHITE, Jr., Com'n Broker
31 South Third Street,